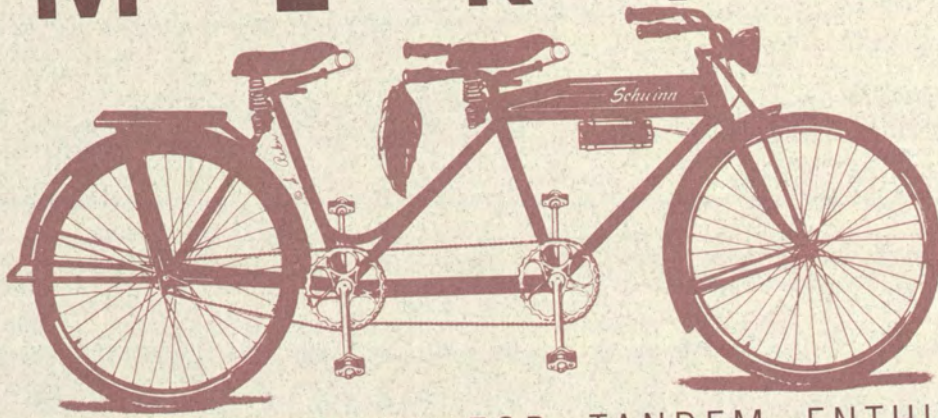


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**DOUBLETALK**



SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER  
1996

DoubleTalk  
the newsletter of the Tandem Club of America  
Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors  
2220 Vanessa Drive  
Birmingham, AL 35242-4430

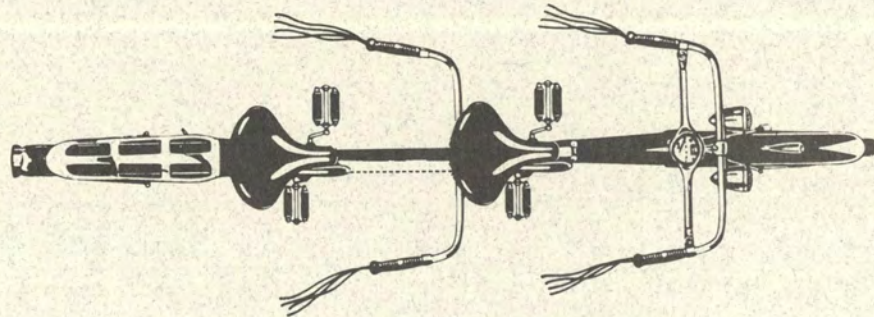
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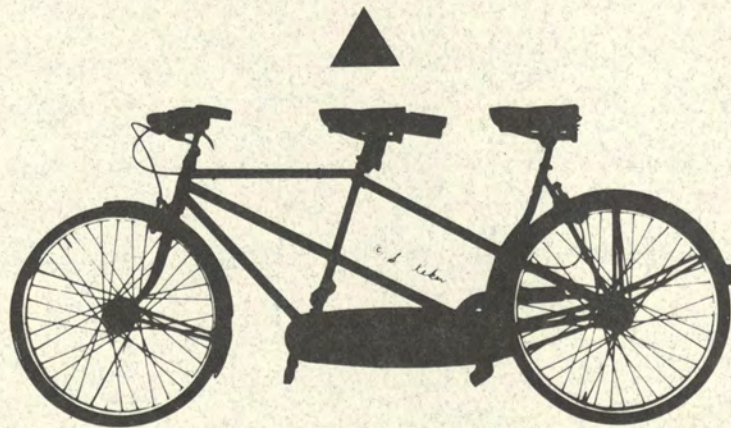
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# DOUBLE TALK

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## DEADLINE FOR THE NOVEMBER- DECEMBER, 1996 ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS OCTOBER 1, 1996

### FROM THE EDITORS

We recently received a letter to the editors (not to DoubleTalk), asking why DoubleTalk only covers events in the East. Well, we looked back at recent issues and found articles about events from all over the world! Still, the writer of this letter raised a good point, even though we didn't agree with his conclusion. DoubleTalk is truly a magazine of the members. Other than this one column that you're now reading, all articles are submitted by members. We (your editors) don't write the articles or cover the events. If anyone wants to see articles about events or rides in their area (wherever in the WORLD that may be), write about it and send it to us. We do truly try to cover the tandem scene from all areas where our members live and cycle, but we can't include it if you don't send the article to us!

How can you get your article to us? We try to make it easy. We like it in an electronic format (diskette or e-mail), but we'll take it any way you can send it to us -- handwritten, typed, whatever. Pictures help make the article more interesting, but aren't required. We prefer prints, and we can return them if you ask us when you submit them (sometimes we need a reminder). If you mail us a diskette, send it to the address below. We can take the article in just about in MS-DOS (IBM-compatible) format you can toss us. Or use our e-mail address: [tandems@mindspring.com](mailto:tandems@mindspring.com).

July 4th weekend Susan and I attended the LAB National Rally in Dayton, OH. Dayton is a delightful place to ride, and the weather really cooperated nicely. Cool days, good roads, great events/destinations to cycle to -- all in all a great weekend. We again rode with many of our tandem friends from around the US, and we enjoyed renewing acquaintances and making new friends. It had been over 10 years since we'd last cycled in Dayton, and the area was "cycle friendly" then, and it's still cycle friendly. Thanks to all the Dayton Cycling Club members who helped the LAB host this fun time for '96.

By the time you read this, we'll have attended both the Eastern Tandem Rally (Lancaster, PA) and the Midwestern Tandem Rally (Appleton, WI). If you were at either of these events, we hope you had an opportunity to stop by and say hello.

Don't forget the 12 business cards printed on the back cover of the May-June and July-August issues of DoubleTalk. These are a great way to help spread the word about the TCA. When you meet a tandem team who is not a member, hand them a card. Remember, the dues are only \$15/\$20/\$25 (US/Canada/Other foreign), and Doubletalk is the largest bi-monthly tandem magazine published in the US. (This is a good time for you to look at the label on the front cover and see how many issues you have remaining. If you have 1 or 0 issues remaining, it's time to send in your dues to Bruce and Judi RIGHT NOW, before you read another word, so you won't miss the next issue).

This is the second issue of DoubleTalk that's being offered on cassette (in lieu of a printed copy) to those members who may be visually impaired. If you need to receive a taped version of future issues, in lieu of the printed copy, please let us know your membership number, name, and address and we'll see that you receive a cassette with the next issue. Thanks to all who are volunteering their time to make this possible!

After many, many great years of support, John and Pam Ruggini are giving up their Area Representative role. Thank you, John and Pam, for your efforts these many years. Chuck and Bonnie Dye have agreed to assume the role.

All correspondence to DoubleTalk (letters, advertisements, requests for cassettes) should be sent to the editors. Our address is at the bottom of each page of DoubleTalk. All dues should go to Bruce & Judi Bachelder. Their address is on the membership application and on the title page. Thanks for helping us make the TCA the best bicycle club in the world, and DoubleTalk one of the best magazines about tandems!





# LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

After attending the Southwest Tandem Rally in Nacogdoches, Texas, I read with interest the Johnson's article in the July/August 96 issue. I can echo their feelings on two items. One, the rally itself was every bit as good as they described. Two, as a young family with children ages 3 and 8, we too would like to see more stokids and trailers at these events in order to ride in the company of others. As it turned out, SWTR was the first weekend my wife and I were able to be away from our kids in too many months, therefore we did not pass up the chance. Duane & Joann, if you have the opportunity to make it up to the Dallas areas and ride (with your kids), don't hesitate to look us up. We would like to do the same as we get down to the Clear Lake area to visit family from time to time.

Tom & Jane Haycraft  
Dallas, TX

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear DoubleTalk,

I am new to tandems and raced last weekend at the May Pando race. There were five tandems in the race. My team finished fourth. (it's a start..)

The Michigan Mountain Biking Association Championship Point Series includes tandem races. To be clear, these are all off-road races, including sections of (tandem) tight technical singletrack. Any one interested may contact me



Robin Scurr  
rscurr@aol.com  
(810) 363-6089

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear DoubleTalk

I read the description of the BOB Yak carrier trailer for bicycles in a recent issue of Adventure Cycling. Ordered it through Cyclosource. To my surprise, when the box arrived, there was a list of content options on its outside, one of which (and not the one I'd ordered and received) was a BOB Santana model. Turns out on phone contact with the folks at BOB that Santanas (and other tandems) require a wider yoke than conventional half-bikes do, to attach the trailer to the bike. The folks at BOB couldn't have been nicer or more helpful in swapping out hardware, but it's worthwhile knowing that options exist in the first place, options not spelled out in the Cyclosource catalog.

Wally Retan  
Birmingham, AL

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear DoubleTalk,

This is in regard to Braking Revised by Ernie Fisher, in the March/April issue.



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A number of years ago after considerable frustration with trying to adjust two cables of different lengths to work on one brake lever, I asked my good friend Gaylord Hill, the owner of the mail order business Cyclopedia for his advice on this adjustment. His advice was, don't

Following his suggestion, I mounted a downtube shifter horizontally on top of the stoker's top tube and connected the Arai drum brake to it. I've had at least a half dozen stokers ride with me with no problems. I've shown each lady how the lever works and had her put on the brake and then push the bike. I tell her not to use the brake while we are riding unless I yell BRAKE! Early in the ride I have her try

the brake without using mine, so she gets the feel of how much force she needs to apply to be effective. I seldom use the third brake, just on long downhills and in emergency, but it's nice to know it's there when you need it, and there are three hands to apply the pressure.

Having one cable on a shifter also provides a nice parking brake. One can lean even the front handlebar against a post, put on the brake, and the bike will stay there very securely.

Sam Henry  
Lititz, PA

---

## HALSON DESIGNS "INVERSION" FORK

The Halson Designs "Inversion" fork is one of only three suspension forks that I've found, that their makers feel are up to tandem use. One big name maker even hung up when I said tandem! One of the others had far to many moving parts and wear points. Another would have cost over \$700, with the fork, new hub and wheel building. And it would not fit in our tandem carrier.

My Halson fork cost under \$350, with the special elastomers for tandem use. This fork also fits my K.I.S.S. (keep it simple stupid) rule of bicycling. It's an elastomer fork so there are no oil seals to leak, no special 300 pound air pumps or air valves to leak. It's simple, and it works. The fork has about 2.5 inches of travel. And, unless you use very large tires, the tire can't bottom out on the brake bridge. This can really ruin a ride. Not to mention your bridge work.

Inversion is one of the easiest forks to tune. You only need ten tools, your fingers! Twist off the cap, pull out the elastomers, put on the the new ones, twist on the caps. Done deal. The fork is not hard to maintain or to install. (But, let your shop install it as cutting the steerer to the right length can be tricky.) The owner's manual covers disassembly, inspection and reassembly in some detail. The only other thing I'd like to see is an exploded drawing and parts list.

The ride with this fork is a joy! On a 36 mile off road ride we came home with all our teeth and without sore arms and shoulders. Even my stoker can tell something was different. We don't use an oversize suspension hub and there was no independent leg movement. No brake rub and downhills are a lot better when your eyes are not bouncing around in your head. And the fork doesn't raise the front of the bike up, reducing the stand over height.

Add this fork and a stoker's suspension seat post and you'll enjoy your next off road ride even more. The fork has a one year warranty. Most of the other maker's said their warranty is voided if the fork is used on a tandem...wimps!

I would like to say, "Thank you" to Halson Designs for not leaving their small (but growing!) group of off road tandem riders behind.

Len & Liz Chapman  
East Windsor, CT





## TANDEMING ACROSS THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE

My wife, Anita, and I completed a tour across the Canadian Prairie. We are proud of the accomplishment and anxious to share the experience. Hopefully we will inspire others to follow our trail.

The Canadian Prairie extends over a thousand miles from



Harvey Pine on the Yellow Head Highway

northwestern Alberta to southeastern Manitoba. The two major cities served with International Airports at either end are 850 miles apart. Considering the prevailing winds blow from northwest to southeast, the natural Prairie crossing is from Edmonton to Winnipeg.

Our plan for the trip started when we traded in our old tandem for a new Santana Arriva.

The Yellowhead highway #16 runs directly across and most of the way has an eight to ten foot paved shoulder. The trip was planned for early June, offering the advantage of long day-light and cool temperatures. The Canadian hot weather with the heavier thunder storms normally does not start until late June or early July. The trip was planned to coordinate with my high school reunion in

Winnipeg. The ride was an athletic contest. The tandem and us against the Prairie and the calendar. If on time we would enjoy the reunion activities and claim victory; otherwise we would acknowledge defeat.

Many people think of bicycle touring as an economical way to travel. They thought we were on a bicycle because we could not afford an alternative method of travel. An older woman in Saskatchewan was admiring the bike. I was friendly and demonstrated my gear. She said it was nice and hoped someday we would be able to afford a car. Few people had ever seen a couple crossing the country on a tandem. Many made the comment, "What an economical way to travel." I usually responded with, "We only get 40 miles to the gallon of beer."

The Prairie is not a wilderness. The land is farm country, served by small villages about every 10 miles. We did not make any advance reservations as we did not want to be committed. We never had any problems finding accommodations, provided we were willing to accept what was available. We rode into a small village one evening to find the hotel closed. I was puzzled because it did not appear to be out of business. I checked with the cafe. I was told the hotel was closed because it was Sunday. When I appeared surprised, the waitress explained that Alberta Law does not permit the sale of Alcoholic beverages on Sunday so there was no need for the hotel. I explained I was on a bicycle and needed a room. She phoned the hotel owner. He opened the hotel and told us to make ourselves at home. The hotel contained 20 rooms and one bathroom. (note: Alberta law has since changed and drinks are now available on Sundays.)

We were on a tight schedule and did not stop to see the sights. The area contains many attractions for those who have the time. A few examples include, Elk Island National Park, Ukrainian Culture town museum, Battleford historical exhibits, Lake Manitou, Canada's saltiest lake and Clear Lake resort at Riding Mountain National Park.





We enjoyed radio stations along the way. Listening to the news and talk shows provided a feel for what was going on. One commentator was discussing the ways to encourage tourists to spend more time in the area in order to help the economy. I would have loved to point out that bicycle tourists spend more money per mile than most travelers.

Most days, the prevailing winds were at our back. One morning, in Battleford, I stuck my head out the door before dawn to feel a warm wind. In southern California a strong warm wind that early in the day means "It's blowing the wrong way," I was afraid it meant the same thing in Canada. The intelligent thing to do was just stay over a day, but this was a race. We were planning on setting the world record for a man-wife team in the over-the-hill age category. We pushed with all we had to attain a speed of 5 miles an hour, then we would walk the bike to rest. This reduced the speed to 3 miles an hour.

Either way, it was going to take a long time to get anywhere. About noon the wind let up and we increased our speed to 8 miles an hour. We were starting to make progress when all of a sudden we heard such a clatter, we got off the bike to see what was the matter!!! One piece of the freewheel was now in tow parts. We walked the bike to the nearest village and locked it up. We rode the bus to Saskatoon to rent a pick-up truck. We took the tandem to Joe's Bike Shop, which was advertised in the yellow pages. To our surprise the shop was as well equipped as any shop in California. They were very accommodating and as we headed out of Saskatoon the bike performed better than it ever had, and the wind was now blowing in the right direction. The 40 miles by truck meant we could not claim the world record. The Yellowhead highway is new and the tandem is rare so I am sure the record setting will wait for the team that follows our trail.

A strong tail wind pushed us across the Manitoba border. It was a strange feeling to be moving effortlessly at the speed of the wind. The air appeared still and warm. The wind could only be felt when slowed down or stopped. There is a feeling of being in outer space as trash is moving along at almost your speed. When we stopped for food, people would ask how we could ride in such a wind. It was difficult to explain that the wind only exists if we are stopped.

The Yellowhead highway ends at the TransCanada highway, (TCH) a few miles west of the city of Portage. Unfortunately TCH in Manitoba does not have a paved shoulder. We rode the freeway but speeding trucks spooked us into walking the last mile into Portage. We were only 60 miles from our destination and a day ahead of schedule. We were going to win the challenge if we could figure out how to ride a freeway without the paved shoulder. We finally decided to take the back farm roads, including a few stretched on dirt and gravel.



Harvey & Anita Pine on their Santana Arriva tandem.

We reached Winnipeg on the 10th day. We were a day ahead of schedule and celebrated the sweet taste of victory with a generous amount of Canadian beer.

Back in California, I asked Anita about doing it again. She said NO!! A relationship that can withstand ten straight days on a tandem could probably survive any crisis but suggesting another trip was pressing my luck. She kidded that the most pleasant 40 miles was in the truck. I responded that tandemming would be a wonderful way to travel if it was not for the constant nagging of the back seat driver. The ideal stoker would be a blind mute.

Harvey & Anita Pine  
San Gabriel, CA





## TOURING SOUTHWEST UTAH

Each year since 1987, a colleague and I have led bicycle camps for the Rocky Mountain Annual Conference of the United Methodist Church. These camps are open to persons (whether they are United Methodists or not) from 7th graders on up. We have had people in their early 70s ride with four of the camps, usually amazing the teenagers with their stamina and with the fact that 70+ year-old people can be fun to be around (which is more than can always be said about the teenagers!).

In June of 1995, we had the largest group ever: 42 people (three were support persons, driving a Suburban and a van pulling a trailer with tents and personal gear). Among the 39 riders, there were 10 on tandems: Phil and Louise Shambrook, an English couple on a round-the-world tour, riding a custom George Longstaff "expedition" tandem; Bill and Barb, on a Cannondale; Jim & Bernice, on another Cannondale; Steve and Jean, on a Burley Rock'N Roll with drop bars and slick tires; and us, Carolyn and Phil, on our Burley Duet.

Steve and Jean had been part of our previous year's camp, a 420 mile loop through Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks, and had helped Carolyn and I decide that we definitely "needed" a tandem. Jim and Bernice had done RAGBRAI together and Jim and another friend had done "Ride the Rockies" a couple of times. Bill and Barb had done the length of the Natchez Trace and many long rides from their Dillon, CO, home base. Carolyn and I had done 480 miles total on our tandem since purchasing it on Labor Day. We had about 250 miles since the first of the year and were not really ready for the camp. Our only excuse was that we were in the process of moving from one parish to another and, since the moving van was coming four days after we returned from the Bike Camp, we had been forced to making packing a fairly high priority.

THE BRITISH WERE COMING, THE BRITISH WERE COMING...

We had made contact with Phil and Louise after responding to a brief note in the September-October, 1994 issue of DoubleTalk. They had inquired about route recommendations and I had suggested including the Loveland - Ft. Collins area in their

tour, using it as a jumping-off point to cross the Rockies, and had invited them to join us for the Bike Camp.

We had gotten a postcard in January, followed by a phone-call from Flagstaff in April, and were really happy when they decided to join us on the Camp. They already had Ft. Collins on their itinerary because Phil was making contact with a friend who lived there they had been oar-mates in the Aegean Sea while rowing a Greek trireme in the late 80s. Now, it may be that many of you have rowed Greek trireme replicas, but I haven't, and that impressed me quite a bit. Their plan was to arrive in Ft. Collins on June 9, preparatory to our departure for SW Utah on June 17. Louise asked how far Loveland (our home at that time) was from Ft. Collins, and was quite surprised when I told her it was only seven miles. She said that they didn't realize ANYTHING in the "Colonies" was that close to anything else!

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On Memorial Day, we learned later, I had missed seeing them on the road by about three hours. They were eastbound over Monarch Pass in the snow on the coldest day of their trip (about 26 degrees at the summit) while I was westbound taking my son back to his home in Montrose. I did see them in Ft. Collins within 20 minutes of their arrival. I had run up to Together Tandems to borrow a Thule tandem carrier so that we could carry two tandems on our cartop rack. When I parked and walked to the door, I saw a massive blue loaded tandem with Union Jack decals. So, when I opened the door and knew everyone I could see with the exception of a couple wearing "foreign-looking" cycling clothes, I said, "You must be the Shambrooks." And they looked surprised and said, "Yes. How did you know that?"

A week later we were driving across Colorado and Utah in torrential rain mixed with hail and snow, wondering how much fun we were really going to have. Across the San Rafael Swell, west of Green River, we nearly slid off the road because of the 4-5" accumulation of hail. But by the time we reached Panquitch, Utah, and the KOA campground at 10:30, the night was brilliantly clear (even if a little cold).

When we woke the next morning, we shook the ice off our tents, ate the first of several pancake breakfasts. Even though they are great sources of carbo, teenagers get real tired of pancakes on our Bike Camps. So naturally we have them almost every day. "There is hardly any point at all to having teenagers along if you can't irritate them," he said, tongue firmly in cheek." After breakfast, he hit the road.

The first day's ride started with a gentle grade as we rode South on US 89 alongside the Sevier River to the junction with Utah 12 and the climb toward the entrance to Bryce Canyon National Park. Typical of earlier Bike Camps, there was a breakdown in the first 8 miles, when the c-clip on a camper's Shimano quick-release broke. Since the support vehicles were already up the road, Phil and Louise turned Thomas (the tandem, named for Louise's favorite childhood storybook character, Thomas the Tank Engine) around and whipped out the 16 mile roundtrip to my parked car, bringing back one of the quick-releases from my car-top carrier. When they made

the trip in 43 minutes, we knew they would be formidable companions!

Carolyn and I made the mistake of waiting with the bike that needed the repair and then volunteering to ride "Amen." (On our Camps, one of the adult leaders is always the last rider, hence "Amen.") We should have given that task to someone who was already in shape. We played catch-up the rest of the morning, and by the time we got to the entrance of Bryce Canyon, the fast riders had been impatiently waiting for over an hour. We lunched at Bryce Canyon, went to some of its spectacular overlooks and headed back down the road towards US89. Naturally, and typically, the uphill-into-a-headwind from the morning had turned into a downhill-into-a-STRONGER-headwind by the afternoon, so that as we turned south, climbing again, into the headwind, we were all pretty slow. By the time we got to the campground at Hatch we were pooped!. Total Distance for the day: 49.8 miles. Total Climb for the day: 2200'.

When the wind continued to blow hard, we were very glad for the covered, enclosed picnic area. After a rich stew for supper, we were all ready for a good night's sleep, in spite of the wind whipping our tents.

#### THE CRASH

During the last 10 miles to Hatch on Sunday, Carolyn and I had ridden with a friend we hadn't seen often for a few years. Bill was a strong rider, in spite of the fact that he'd only gotten his bike a week before the camp and had fewer than 100 miles under his wheels. Strong, he was; straight, he wasn't. I noticed that ever so often, for no apparent reason, he'd "twitch," jumping maybe 12-15 inches to one side (usually the left, where we were riding). So, when we left Hatch on Monday, I was paying attention to Bill. As long as we were climbing and riding 10-12 mph, I wasn't too worried about him, but when we came to a little downhill and our speed picked up over 20, I decided I didn't want to be too close. I made the mistake of dropping behind rather than pulling ahead. When I was about 20 feet off his wheel, he twitched, to the right this time, into the gravel by the shoulder. I think if he'd just held on straight, he'd have been OK, but he tried to steer back onto the pavement, and went down. I had time to ALMOST miss him, but not quite. I think I ran





over one end of his bike and maybe one of his legs as we went down.

My first worry was Carolyn, but she was sitting up and said she was OK. My second worry was Bill, I didn't see him because he was behind Carolyn and under our bike, but he said he was OK. Then, I started checking our beautiful tandem and found to my relief that the worst damage it sustained was a torn dummy sto ker's hood and a scuffed brake lever on the right side. Then we started checking ourselves more closely and found road rash on all three of us. Carolyn had on tights and a long-sleeve T-shirt and windbreaker and came out of it with relatively minor damage. Bill and I had on shorts and T-shirts and had slightly more rash. My helmet was cracked from just behind my right ear to the middle of the top (WEAR THOSE HELMETS, I'm sure I'd have had severe concussion, maybe even a fracture without it!). By the time we got to our next campground at Mt. Carmel Junction, both Carolyn and I had pretty stiff necks, but were feeling OK otherwise. Bill was fine.

In spite of the crash, this was a great day's ride. Short, but sweet. The first 10 miles was a climb, but the 24 was a beautiful downhill through gorgeous



green fields, farms, and orchards framed by the red rocks to the west. We went through the little historic Mormon towns of Glendale, Orderville, and Mount Carmel before arriving at our campground early in the afternoon. Total Distance for the Day: 34.8 miles. Total Climbing for the Day: 950 feet.

#### ZION NATIONAL PARK

Day three started with a climb into Zion National Park. After turning right onto Utah Highway 9, it's a long (though not terribly hard) climb to the summit at about 7000 feet and the entrance to the Park. By this day, Carolyn and I were riding with the middle of the pack and getting into shape. The slowest part of the whole trip was upon us though, for Zion has tunnels. One is only a couple hundred yards long and can be safely ridden (by most people, five years ago one of our riders with vertigo had hit the wall - literally - inside this tunnel, so this time he rode through in the van). The second tunnel is spectacular, a mile long with occasional "windows" opening through the wall of the canyon giving you brief glimpses of Zion's incredible towers and buttresses. Wisely, the Park Service now prohibits bicyclists from riding through the tunnel. If requested, the Park Service staff will



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ferry bicyclists through the tunnel at 4 PM each day; but since most cyclists are coming from a fairly short distance away (Mt. Carmel Junction on the east, Springdale on the west) a 4 PM ferry time gives a longish wait at the staging areas on each side of the tunnel. (If I were by myself, either on a single or a tandem, I feel confident that it would be easy to bum a ride from some of the tourists waiting to be convoyed through, tunnel traffic is one-way with a pilot vehicle.)

Getting 34 bikes, five of them tandems, plus 39 riders through was a logistical challenge. We had a rack on the van that would carry 9 single bikes, so that took three trips. Then we could three of the tandems inside the van, but none on the roof. So the tandems took two more trips. Driving the tunnel only took about 5 or 10 minutes, but the wait on each end, while bikes were unloaded on the west end and then loaded at the east end, meant that the whole evolution took us about 2 + hours. We ate our PB&J sandwiches at the first turnout below the tunnel before plunging down the switchbacks into the Virgin River Valley and the main part of the Park. We parked all the bikes at the Visitor's Center (and 34 bikes make quite a scene), and set out on foot to explore and wade in the river. Some of us older folk just lay on the grass and napped.

Leaving the park, it was only a short ride to Springdale and the campground. Total mileage for the day: 31 miles. Total Climb for the day: 1350 feet.

#### A LONG DAY

From Springdale, we continued west on Utah 9, passing up the exit to the ghost town of Grafton (where the bicycle scene in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" had been filmed, using the very buildings where Sundance's girlfriend, Etta Place, had lived and taught. Grafton is worth the visit, but it's a 16 mile round-trip, mostly on gravel, and we were looking at a 60 mile day. Next time!

Before you reach I-15, you ride through LaVerkin and Toquerville, seeing on your right a mesa where, back in the 50s the Air Force had developed and tested ejection seats for jet fighters. Legend has it that the occupants of these seats were black bears. None were ever injured, as far as I know, but one supposedly escaped, wandering through the woods

and telling his descendants an absolutely unbelievable story!

From LaVerkin, you begin to climb. Also, from LaVerkin, you begin to sweat. This is the closest to sea level you'll come on the whole trip and every time I've been there it's been hot. Some of our younger single bike riders opted for the sag wagon by the time we got to the interstate. Five years ago, the wind was from the south. In 95, it was from the north. BRISKLY from the north. Carolyn and I only averaged about 10 mph, ending up as "Amen" riders again, not because we were noble and thoughtful, but mainly because we were slow! Then, to add insult to injury, as we finally arrived at Cedar City, we had two flats. Something cut both tires (Michelin Hi-Lite Tourers, tires I will never use again). We learned that Slime, while wonderful on mountain bikes, doesn't stand up to the higher pressures of tandem road tires. We also learned that a cut casing chews up patches and tubes. It was a day later before we finally got an adequate boot in the tires to eliminate the flat problem. Total Mileage for the day: 59.3. Total Climb for the day: 3450 feet.

#### A SHORT DAY (FOR SOME OF US)

The next day's ride was scheduled to be from Cedar City to Parowan. The hard way. From Cedar City, east on Utah 14 to Utah 148 to the Cedar Breaks National Monument. It's a beautiful ride, but I'd done it before. It's about 5000 feet of climbing in 26 or 28 miles, followed by about 4500 feet of descending in about 18 miles. I couldn't really get too excited about the climb and Carolyn hasn't yet gotten excited about high-speed descents. (She had nearly made me ride the switchbacks from the Zion tunnel solo, but I had placated her by holding the speed under 20mph with our Arai drum brake.) So, accompanied by Jim and Bernice and four single bike riders, we took the coward's way out and followed I-15 to Parowan. That gave us time to look in antique stores, eat ice cream, watch sailplanes be towed aloft and soar over the cliffs near Cedar Breaks, and generally recuperate before the stronger riders made it to town. Total (Coward's) Mileage for the day: 24.9 miles. Total Climb for the day: 1,020 feet.

#### THE LAST DAY

We started out on backroads from Parowan to Paragonah (don't ask me where the names came from) and then followed the Interstate to Utah 20.





Then came the last serious climb of the trip, to not one, but two summits. A total climb for the day of 2,460 feet, with about 2,000 of that in two stretches totaling 15 miles. We used OUR granny! And we weren't the last bike to the top either! I lost my pious and holy reputation when we arrived at the top. We'd ridden 25 miles. We'd climbed 2,460 feet, and, just as we could see the summit and the van waiting with lunch, Carolyn said, "Now, I don't want to go too fast down the other side." Well. I lost it. I hollered (and she says I called her a bad name. Or two). I couldn't believe that she wouldn't even give me a moment to savor our triumph before she started worrying about my well-known penchant for speed. Oh, well. By the time we ate, we were speaking again. We let the Arai moderate our speed (and don't tell Carolyn, but we did equal our maximum speed for the trip by hitting 41 mph. I think we could have topped 50, maybe 60 pretty easily here, but I DO value my marriage and my stoker's confidence and comfort!) and enjoyed the descent back into the desert conditions and the valley of the Sevier. True to form, the last 18 miles were into a 15-20 mph headwind. True to form, we had one more flat. But what a ride! What a trip! Utah is spectacular. Traffic is relatively light and most roads have shoulders. We recommend it most highly! Total Mileage for the day: 48.1 miles. Total Climb for the day: 2,620 feet.

Total Mileage for the Week: 247.7 Total Climbed for the Week: 11,570 feet.

#### EPILOGUE

The Shambrooks left us and rode the bus to Boise, sending Thomas by truck. The break in riding was necessitated by a schedule crunch: their freighter would leave Los Angeles in early September, taking them to Australia. Since then, they've been in New Zealand and are now probably in Malaysia or Borneo or India. They expect to be back to Jolly Old England by October, 1997. Then they will emigrate to New Zealand. Our goal: ride New Zealand with them in 2000!

Phil & Carolyn Tarman  
Fort Morgan, CO

## How to Log 100,000 Miles This Year on a Tandem



#### January 2

10:30pm. Board Quantus non-stop L.A. - Sydney Flight #1356.

#### January 4

8:05am. Land in Sydney. Grab Airliner II hardcase and gear off luggage belt. Unpack TriFrame Tandem.

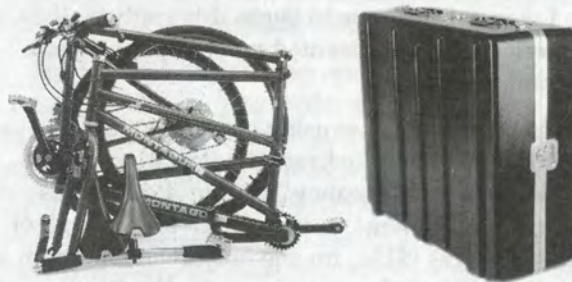
8:27am. Ride away from airport on TriFrame, towing Airliner II trailer, loaded with luggage.

#### January 9

7:00pm. Arrive at a country inn after 5 days of scenic tandem touring.  
7:04pm. Fold TriFrame & carry upstairs for safe closet storage.

#### January 15

5:17pm. Pull up to Sydney airport in taxi, with TriFrame in Airliner II in the trunk.  
5:25pm. Check TriFrame, secured in Airliner II, as regular luggage.  
6:50pm. Board Flight #4298 for L.A.



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## MONTAGUE USA





## EASTERN SEACOAST TOUR

The lyrics from various songs go through my mind as I write this journal. "The long and winding road," and "Dream the impossible dream," are but a couple. I think it was last year sometime that Dave proposed we ride from Florida to our home in Connecticut on our Santana. This was a compromise for him as I really knew he wanted to go coast to coast. Well, the idea was planted, and it kept creeping onto our conversations and plans for 1996. Did I think we could do this? Maybe. However, Dave was sure we could.

So, at noon on March 26th, we left from Orange City, Florida to begin our adventure, having made arrangements with friends to pick up our van and drive it home to Connecticut. We were carrying about 50 pounds of carefully thought out gear and had purchased maps from Adventure Cycling to use as our guide. We had to find our way to the coast of Florida to pick up our route. The first day we headed to Bunnell about 40 miles away. What an auspicious start. The motel was smoky and probably would rate a minus 8 but we were on our way. It certainly left room for improvement. (Even the restaurant gave us a laugh as Dave ordered fettuccine alfredo from the menu and the waitress replied, "We can't make that!") The roads were infinitely flat and straight, but since I was not in shape to begin this venture, they were welcome and presented no challenge except boredom.

We continued (now using our maps) to St. Augustine and on to Jacksonville Beach. After the third motel had no vacancy, we found out it was TPC Golf Tournament weekend! We hit the high of our motel prices (\$134) for the only available room at the Holi day Inn. Of course it was on the 4th floor so we unloaded the panniers and Dave stood the bike on end in the elevator and up we went. We had heavy rain that night and it was pretty neat to look out our window at the ocean waves. They seemed almost incandescent.

The next day, as we got off the ferry over the St. John's river, a group of cyclists from North Carolina greeted us. They were on their way to Florida. Several of them said they rode tandems with their wives but this was "a guy's thing!" We continued to

Kingsland, GA, where the welcoming sign says, "Everyone Treated Like Royalty." That was questionable. As we left town I noted another sign on an antique store which read, "DEAD PEOPLE'S THINGS FOR SALE." (True - but—) The anticipated southwesterly winds were actually northwesterly or in our face which ever way we turned. We crossed lots of bridges, all sizes, but the big ones were really a challenge with the wind.

One of our few sightseeing ventures was to visit the Hofwyl Broadfield Plantation where we enjoyed the history and seeing some of the beautiful water oaks and some of the largest magnolia trees. We met up with a fellow traveling the perimeter of the US on a single. He had started in California and was on his way to Maine, but thought from the weather reports that he had better slow down as he had no inclination to ride in snow. We did some excellent interval training later that day while being chased by dogs. One shepherd pulled a Rin Tin Tin and jumped the fence to pursue us. In the end, we won. As we continued we encountered our first rain on the tour. Since we had only five miles to go, Dave decided to tough it out. Not being the macho type, I put on my Gore-Tex. When we got to the motel, NO ROOMS, so another 11 miles in the rain. We found a room and more importantly found the maid for old towels to clean the bike. Being the innovative souls that we are, we also found free coupon books in the motel office which were primarily newsprint. After stuffing our shoes several times during the evening we were rewarded with dry shoes to start the next day.

I should mention that all along the way we saw beautiful herons, brown pelicans and other large birds; our guess: hawks, buzzards or eagles. Unfortunately, I'm not a very good photographer, hence no pictures. Leaving Port Wentworth, Georgia we rode on a lovely long section of road lined with palm trees. It was a beautiful sight but its location was through a swamp area and did it stink! Shortly after leaving the swamp we crossed into South Carolina. The next day the rain returned for the first 15 miles, but then the sun came out and we dried out as we rode. Route 17 joined I-95 at this point so we traveled a frontage road along side. It was a treat,





our first rolling terrain, albeit gentle rolling, and the wind continued.

As we continued north in South Carolina we struggled with 20 mph head winds, barely maintaining 10 mph. Finally, after about ten miles of this, we made a change in direction. We were ecstatic. This was to be short lived, however, as there was this nice sign which read, BRIDGE OUT 6 MILES AHEAD. We stopped a local to determine if we could walk over the bridge. "Definitely not, the bridge is gone." So, we took the detour which sent us back about ten miles parallel to our original route. It did give us a tail wind, however, and did we cruise. As we turned into a restaurant for a snack we forgot to level the pedals, hit a pothole and went DOWN. Nothing hurt except our dignity. We got talking to some folks who just arrived from Sussex, England that day and wouldn't you know the bandana Dave had chosen to wear that day was the Union Jack flag. They enjoyed the coincidence.

Well, it was bound to happen, although we had hoped it wouldn't. We found ourselves with a bad rear tire and the nearest bike shop 20 miles away. (why weren't we carrying an extra tire? Good question!) As we were deciding our next move, a fellow with whom Dave had been talking in Walmart, came by in his truck. Stating he couldn't just leave us stranded, would we put the bike in the truck and he would drive us to the bike shop. Since this wasn't practical with the tandem, I stayed with the bike and Dave took the wheel and accepted the offer. Thanks, Tom Ryan!. We assembled the bike, rode 1 mile and stopped for lunch. I said I thought it felt different, which was true. When we came out the tire was flat. After finally changing the tube again, we set off. Of course it was now 3 pm. We flew down the road with a tailwind - 25 miles later we were only 8 miles from where we started and 27 from our planned stop. Obviously, we had taken a wrong turn. Okay, regroup and ride on. We made our motel by 6 pm.

Our next adventure was another "BRIDGE OUT" sign. This time we determined that the bridge was still there and at risk of a \$500 fine we could walk across. After maneuvering around no less than 6 barricades we crossed the bridge. Workers on the far side told us it was being demolished the next day! We saved 60 miles but had another flat. We put in another larger size tube and were on our way. We



got talking with two fellows who worked for a refuse company. I commented on their shirts which sported the logo:

Hey Kids!  
Don't Smoke  
No Drugs  
No Joke  
You'll Croke

George was obviously pleased and took our card so he could send us a shirt. Their company is called CLEAN, Inc. which stands for Common Love for Every American Neighborhood. Their letter head also reads, "You can talk trash to us and we'll take it!" True to George's word, our shirts arrived this week.

We headed for the Southport ferry hoping to make the 9:40 crossing. The wind was in our face (AGAIN) and we really had to push. We arrived at 9:50, but fortunately the schedule had changed and we made it. Now when we arrived on the other side we were headed in the opposite direction, but so was the wind. We stopped for a late breakfast and came out to rain. Opting to take the shorter route into Wilmington, NC, we donned rain gear and rode off. We were on a four lane highway in pouring rain and considerable traffic but all went well and we came into town and found a motel.. Since this was the day before Easter we decided to lay over on Easter Sunday. (Dave even sent me flowers at the motel!!) We had a delicious seafood dinner that night.

We did find a bike shop open and went in search of a larger size tire. (our replacement had been a 700/25 and we felt we needed a 700/28. Unfortunately the shop we found was run by a guy who was well past his prime.. He did have a tire but Dave ended up changing it. His compressor didn't work and he had no adequate hand pump. But we managed.

The next day we headed out again and shortly Dave noticed a cyclist ahead. We caught up to him at a gas station. He was Hans Myors, a German Christian missionary. He said he had heard about us from the fellow from California. Small world. We continued on through mostly open area - no houses - no services - also no opportunity to hide behind bushes! We ended up in Jacksonville, NC that night. The next morning we got a whole 1/4 mile before we flatted the front tire. We had picked up a piece of





glass. We fixed that and continued north on Rt. 17, fighting high winds and traffic. We finally turned on CR1004 which was a delightful ride. We then began having trouble with the back tire again. We limped to bike shop and purchased a couple of new tubes and had one put in. Since the weather had deteriorated we decided to stay at the Hampton Inn just down the road. Lucky for us it was a Tuesday because this inn has a manager's special on Tuesday nights - pizza and subs - free supper.

Onward to yet another ferry. Fighting the wind again we arrived about 11:35 and the schedule said next crossing at 12 noon. Great. We chatted with a local fellow, a triathlete, who couldn't understand why the ferry was late. "It's always on time." We finally boarded the ferry at 12:45 pm and found out that after 30 years they had changed the schedule, but failed to publicize it. Even the locals didn't know. The folks on the ferry advised us not to go to Bath as there were no restaurants there and only one questionable place to stay. They advised us to go to Belhaven. When we arrived we found all the rooms taken by a convention. Next option - ride 30 miles to Washington or wait until 5:30 and accept an offer of a ride. We opted to move on and enjoyed 30 miles more of wind. A new personal best for me, 82 miles in one day.

While eating breakfast the next morning, a fellow drew us a very detailed map on an easier way to get through town. We followed it and arrived at Rt. 32N which we had expected to take all the way to Plymouth. The surface was so bad that we opted to back to our map route. On going out the other side of Plymouth we encountered another obstacle. DETOUR on the bike route for the next 69 miles! After discussion with the locals (we were getting good at this) we left the map route and took Rt. 45 to Edenton. Back tire down again. Couldn't get our pump to work. A little Vaseline on the gasket and we were back in business. Edenton is a lovely historical town but we arrived too late for the last tour. We did go downtown for dinner at the Dram Tree - great atmosphere and food.

We woke up the next morning to another flat. This is getting tiring. We changed it and headed off once more. In the next 12 miles had two flats and decided to put the 700/25 tire back on. Oh, success!! We stopped for lunch at Corapeake Country Store and Restaurant. What a neat place; antiques and

atmosphere. We rode a mile down the road to Virginia and on into Suffolk. The bike shop there was very helpful setting us up with a new tire and tubes. He also showed us how much wear we had on our chains and since we had the worst of the hills yet to do, we had him change the cassette and put on new chains. Of course he only had a 28 cassette instead of the 32 we took off so we were going to have to work.

Riding north in Virginia we really began to hit rolling terrain. Our waitress at one restaurant was so impressed with what we were doing she announced it to everyone who came in. We saw our first deer of the trip and noted that palm trees were no longer on the scene. The bike was working well. We traversed some old concrete roads that day and suffered some discomfort from the constant bumping but we made it to Petersburg, VA that night.

We traveled on Rt. 301 for a time, working our way back to our maps again. The road surface was not exciting. We stopped at a McDonalds for a snack. The management needs to look into that franchise - no one seemed at all interested in serving us. The afternoon was a lovely ride into Ashland through beautiful country side. The main street of Ashland is divided by the railroad. About every hour a train, some of significant length, passes through. We had lunch at the Henry Clay House and chatted with a couple from Richmond who had cycled up to have lunch.

As we were leaving the motel the next morning, we met up with a couple from PA who have a Cannondale. They're planning a trip to Nova Scotia this fall, so we exchanged ideas, having done a marvelous excursion with Rich Wolf and Ina Thompson last fall. A nice ride through several small towns and past beautiful horse farms gave us some challenges with hills. We did walk one short stretch. (25% grade we estimated) We did get messed up on directions coming into town, but after several stops to check things out we found a motel. Since the weather was predicted to be poor, we decided to take a day off.

After a lazy day and a good movie we were recharged and rewarded with a glorious day. Again we had pleasant riding with long "ups" and fun "downs". We stopped at a VFW Post in Dale City for a pit stop and since they had a restaurant, we also ate lunch. The route from here on that day was very ambiguous, signs not always there, heavy traffic at





times, and construction. We finally found our way to the Mt. Vernon Bike Path. We stayed that night with relatives who live 0.2 mile from the path.

We continued on the bike path, not always easy with the tandem, into Alexandria where it dumps off onto the streets. However, the signs give you conflicting directions. While we were discussing our route a cyclist stopped and offered assistance. He led us through the streets and back onto the path at the other end. After guiding us to a point where we could see the Memorial Bridge he left and went on his way. We never got his name, but "Thanks". After watching several planes come in over our heads we continued on the path into Arlington. We took an alternate route at one point and ended up climbing several hills but it was pretty and eventually we wound our way back to the main path. It deteriorated quickly and became unridable for anything short of a mountain bike. We asked locals how to get to the next route on our map and finally arrived in Bethesda, MD and continued to Rockville, where we parked for the night.

At one point our directions read, "take South Glen Rd. to the junction of Glen Road and turn right on Glen Mill road." I had to run that one by Dave a couple of times. We met up with another tandem today. They were riding a Rail Trail which crossed at Cockeysville, MD. We chatted and they were impressed with our venture. The next day we crossed into Marietta, Pennsylvania and enjoyed a pleasant day of riding.

Leaving Marietta, we snacked at The Station House, a restaurant which had two Lionel trains running around tracks mounted near the ceiling. We found ourselves about 4 miles off course at one point. I had written right turn instead of left when writing our cue sheets for the day. (Oops!!) This was only the start of a very difficult day. It was hot and humid, combined with a very gusty wind. Once we got back on course we turned on Rt. 425. After several miles of poor surface, we had a brief reprieve before descending a long twisting drop to the Susquehanna River. The surface was so bad we couldn't even enjoy the downhill. But there was the river and we thought, "Oh, boy, a nice ride along the banks." It was not to be. All too soon the route took us back up a very long, steep, twisting road. We walked a short portion of that, just too steep for comfort. Another trip down to the river followed.



Dave & Nancy Schofield

We had a two mile flat and then back up again, longer than last time but we were able to ride it. At Whitesville we found no lodging. We talked with "Sis" who gave us ice water and directions to the nearest motel. Of course it was 6 miles away and another good hill. We were tired that night.

We were now on our way to Ephrata, PA. We ate breakfast in Manheim at Baron Steiger's: apple-walnut pancakes and apple-cheese omelet, worth stopping for. We spotted a par 3 golf course as we came into town and decided to play. The sign indicated senior rates so I asked the cost. The woman replied, "Sorry, you can't be a senior today, only on weekdays." When she heard we were riding from Florida, she gave us a free game. (I won)

From Ephrata the next ten miles were up and down the road and gears. Then it leveled out to gently rolling and we cruised. On advise of locals again we stopped at Michael's Diner for breakfast. Dave had 2 eggs, toast and hash browns for only





\$1.10. Since we could not get on Rt. 100 where we were (it was a limited access road) a policeman suggested an alternate route. We were now traveling on our own, headed again for a relative's home in Macungie, PA for the night.

We were now within striking distance of home. We decided to lighten our load by sending a package home, thereby making those last hills a bit easier. We jettisoned 15 pounds of gear and had a short day due to anticipated severe weather. (Nan's decision) The weather didn't materialize and we had to backtrack 6 miles in the morning. We followed directions given to us by "BJ" in the local bike shop. He gave us a nice route from Nazareth (Mario Andretti's home) to Stroudsburg. It was a great ride and we were feeling good so we pushed on to Milford, riding Rt. 209 through the Delaware Water Gap. Traffic was light and the surface great. It was exhilarating.

We had fond memories of eating at Elmer's Restaurant in Milford during the years we were transporting our son to college at Lehigh. Our motel was right across the street, but Elmer's isn't open on Wednesday and does not open in the morning until 9 AM, so a bit of nostalgia missed. We had discovered a broken spoke on the rear wheel when we stopped

for the night so the first priority was to get it fixed. (Naturally, it was on the free wheel side) There were no bike shops listed in the phone book for Port Jervis, NY, so we expected to limp on to Middletown. However, as we road through Port Jervis, there was a shop right on the route. He was able to help us and we started the jaunt over the mountains toward home. Dave was pleasantly surprised at the minimal climb we had that day; about 2 and one half miles of steady up. (6 mph ave) The rest of the day was glorious, rolling ups and downs, tailwinds and a good temperature. We made New Paltz, NY that night.

We were prepared to lay over for day because of weather predictions, even though we were on our last day. The morning dawned nicely, however, and off we were on our last leg. We found the bike path over the Hudson River Bridge with no problem. Dave was all set to ride over but I preferred to walk. Fortunately I was off the hook since the signs said, "WALK". Let me warn you traveling east from the Poughkeepsie area to northwestern Connecticut is not flat. We crossed several ranges and except for the road surface we had no trouble, but we worked. The last 3 and a half miles home is all up hill, including our drive. (800 ft. long and steep) We arrived about 4 pm on Friday, April 26th feeling a real sense of satisfaction and accomplishment. WE DID IT!!! Not bad for a couple of sixty year olds.

To go back to my original theme of song lyrics, how about, "The things you do for love!"

For you statisticians out there:

Total miles -1699.8  
 Total days - 32 (30 riding days -2 off) -  
 Shortest day - 33 miles  
 Longest day 81.5 miles  
 Maximum speed - 49 mph -

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## THE SHOTGUN APPROACH



As have many other tandem-riders, we have experienced our share of spoke-breakage; perhaps more, because it would be remarkable that we complete a ride in hilly country without a broken spoke or two. In pursuit of the unbreakable rear wheel, we tried single-butted 13/14-gauge stainless-steel spokes made in Belgium by Sapim. This change eliminated breakage near the hub (where this spoke is 13-gauge) but we still had some breakage near the nipple (where this spoke is drawn out to the smaller 14-gauge). By applying More's Law to the situation ("if some's good, then more's better") we obtained 12-gauge galvanized spokes and nipples made by Union. The spokes fit without difficulty through the holes in the hub, but the rims had to be drilled slightly to accommodate the oversize nipples. Since the increase in spoke-tension per turn of nipple is greater with larger spokes, more care is required to true the wheel; and the grey, galvanized spokes are not as "pretty", even after polish, as stainless-steel spokes (although no one seems to notice our "motorcycle spokes"). The result, however, has been zero breakage! Although the rear wheel seems to need truing more often now, another benefit is that we finally have a use for the yellow Park spoke wrench in our tool kit.

A note on "gauge": as well as being the name for any system of measuring the size of industrial

products by means of comparison with a set of standard objects, each of which has been given a number (which does not correspond in any obvious way with its size), it is also the name for each of those standard objects. There are at least a half-dozen different "gauges" (i.e., systems) for measuring wire and wire products, but the one used for spokes is the American Steel & Wire gauge, also known as the Washburn & Moen gauge (after its developers). Smaller gauge sizes (in this system, and many, but not all, others) reflect larger diameters of wire: 14-gauge is .0800 inch, 13-gauge is .0915 inch, 12-gauge is .1055 inch, etcetera. Among the off-road crowd, 12-gauge spokes are incorrectly referred-to as "105 gauge", an inappropriate compound of the approximate diameter of the spoke in thousandths of an inch with the word "gauge".

Cornel Ormsby & Mariana Pilario  
West Sacramento CA



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## WORLD TOUR CONTINUES

Editor: Charles & Lisa Chancellor have been sharing stories from their around the world tour...

As we cycled into Malaysia, large signs made it quite clear that criminals were unwelcome. One sign depicted a no-no list in four languages, and the number one offense was trafficking drugs. Another sign noted that the death penalty was your reward for getting caught smuggling illicit substances. The Malaysian customs officials warmly welcomed us to their 'safe' country. They asked us about our time in Thailand and seemed genuinely surprised that we had not had any problems there, and repeatedly guaranteed us that Malaysia was safe, unlike Thailand. I don't think they believed us when we said we really enjoyed Thailand. By this time a group of Malaysians who were returning from scuba diving in Thailand joined in the conversation. They had been at a fancy resort so had been out of harm's way. I asked if theirs was a safe country because they caned law breakers as we had heard they do in Singapore. The holidayers and customs officials laughed and on replied "Cane, ha! We hang the trouble makers in our country." Then they inevitably brought up the Michael Fay incident, the young American caned in Singapore for vandalism. Our new Malaysian acquaintances couldn't understand why President Clinton had tried to intervene on Mr. Fay's guilty behalf. Not only were they sure Mr. Fay deserved the punishment, but they believed it would benefit him characterwise. Our passports were soon returned and it was reiterated that we would be safe in Malaysia. We left the border feeling very safe, but the monkeys' loud, aggressive sounding screeches were eerie coming from the dense forests. The screeches brought back memories of the overly friendly monkeys in Nepal.

The first town we pedaled into didn't have an open bank that could change money, so we decided to continue. Even though we had no local currency we had plenty of food. That evening we stopped at a small school to see if we could camp in the covered area behind it. Unlike Thailand, there wasn't anyone living on the premises. We asked permission from the headmaster's brother-in-law who was building a home across the road.

The building of the house was a family affair with his father and brothers helping. The owner invited us to camp in the unfinished house. We readily accepted and thanked him. Some other members of his family stopped by to see the day's progress and the evening's guests. One family member was a lady who worked with the customs office at the Thailand border, but not at the crossing we used. She was covered from head to toe except for her face in typical Muslim fashion. Her outfit was very fetching and colorful, also typical. She was telling us about her job and translating for the house owner's father, who was a very likable, talkative man. Suddenly, the loud speakers from the local mosque roared to life. She hastily said goodbye and explained that she must hurry home to pray. Five times a day a man goes to the mosque, turns on the loud speakers and calls the faithful to prayer. His call is a song or chant type sound, and of all we heard, no two sounded the same. As to be expected, some chanters were more pleasant to the ear than others. One thing we had learned back in Turkey was to never sleep close to a mosque, because sometimes the calls to prayer occurred in the wee hours before daylight. I guess the non-faithful either got used to it or moved.

This gave us an opportunity to set up camp and get supper started. Just after dark the friendly father returned for conversation. He talked and talked in Malay as though we could understand him. We just smiled and nodded. His monologue went on and on. One member of our group (there were four of us riding together at this time) began speaking back to him when the man would finish a paragraph. It was a very polite conversation with each taking turns and not interrupting the other. The father would speak for several minutes in Malay and then Bruce would talk, usually reciting poetry or telling about his favorite adventure, in English. The Malaysian man would just nod and smile and interject a sentence at the appropriate times. This went on very pleasantly for an hour and then the gentleman went to the mosque for a meeting. He had shown us the typed out agenda for the meeting, and in detail explained it to us... in Malay of course.





The next morning he was back to say good bye. I was very glad to see him so that we could take his picture in the daylight, and we had time to organize a sentence in Malay thanking him and telling him we enjoyed his company. The family of workers came back just before we departed and one guy brought us a bunch of bananas. They were small and stubby but tasty. We had a variety of bananas in Asia, one of which had hard bb sized seeds.

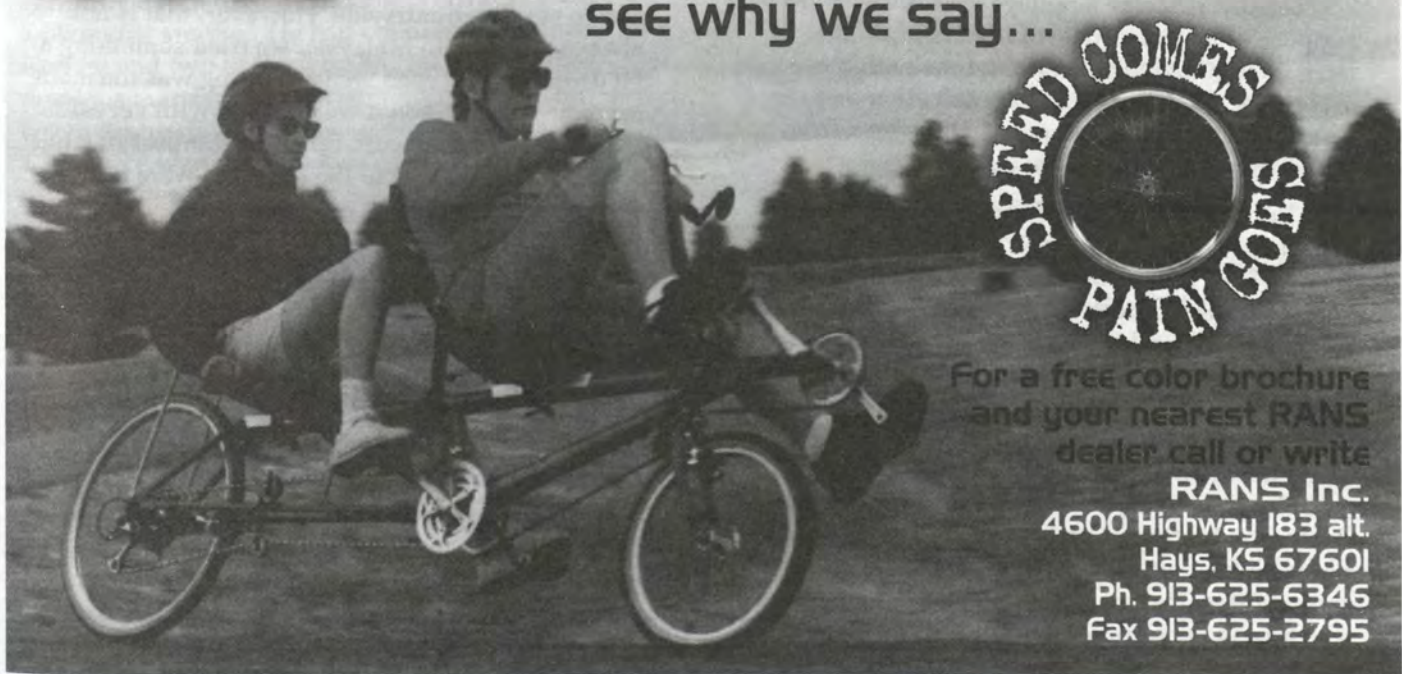
Later, on down the road, a motorcyclist motioned for us to pull over. This was the largest motorcycle we had seen since Europe. The Asian countries we visited were full of motorcycles but few larger than 175-200cc. This was a 650cc and he had a distinct Cajun accent, but even better he wanted to treat us to a cold drink. It was a steamy hot day and we still had no Malaysian money, so this was manna from heaven. This gentleman had come over 17 years ago to work on the oil rigs. He had married a local Muslim lady and they have two teenage daughters. He plans on going back to Louisiana when the girls are out of high school As a family, they had spent one year in the US and then they returned to Malaysia for the girls sake. He explained that the good Lord blessed him with two children and it was

his responsibility to do the best by them that he could, and that meant raising them in Malaysia. He felt that in addition to a strong sense of family and community in the Malaysian society they lived in a very nurturing and loving environment for children.

The dense jungle made pulling off into a remote spot and camping difficult, as did the miles of fence. We pulled into a police station to try our luck. The patrolmen in the small town aptly reflected three of the main ethnic groups in Malaysia. There was a Malay, a Chinese, and an Indian patrolman on duty. The Malays are Muslim and are the predominate group in numbers and politics. The Chinese are reputed to be business oriented and a wealthy group. The Indians came to Malaysia later and are the predominate workers on many tea plantations.

The officer on the desk called the sergeant to ask his opinion on us sleeping there, he said he would come check us out. Minutes later a casually dressed man in his mid 30s with a twinkle in his eye and enthusiasm in his voice walked in the station. He looked us over, asked a couple of polite questions and then warmly welcomed us to the police station. The police compound houses most all of the officers and their families as well as the police buildings. The

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sergeant had been educated in an English speaking school, even though he started school after Malaysian independence from England.

His father had thought it important for him to learn English, at a time when many British things were being rejected. He led us to a place for our tents and showed us a much appreciated shower which was a garden hose stuck through the bathroom window. We encountered little if any running hot water in Asia, but the temperature was so hot that the cold showers were refreshing.

As we set up camp and prepared supper, the sergeant asked if he could converse with us. We welcomed him and the topics bounced from politics to the USA's world influence, to his managerial style. He tells his men that he wanted their job to be the third priority in their life, just behind their relationship with God and their family. He felt that if the first two were not in order then neither would the third, and they would not be good, productive balanced policemen. It is about this time that the children had finished their baths, supper, and homework so were allowed to visit with us.

The younger ones just sat and smiled while the 10-15 year olds wanted to practice their English. The girls were quite interested in Lisa's blonde hair. They were extremely well behaved and seemingly happy children. They gave me my first and most important and beneficial Malay language lesson, and were very supportive and uncritical of my attempts at pronunciation. After spending time with these kids and seeing them interact with each other and the officers I think I understand what the man from Louisiana was speaking about.

Our other two biking friends, John and Bruce were ready to retreat to their respective tents. John is friendly, but prefers a quiet evening in his tent. The kids were very concerned about him because he had set up his tent under a coconut tree and they were worried he was going to get conked on the head during the night. It certainly seemed possible since there were coconuts on the ground and several still in the tree. A five pound coconut falling from 30 feet would wake him up. He said he would take his chances as he zipped up his tent. Bruce also had his sights on his tent but he had a more difficult time getting there. He has a long salt and pepper beard which he is very proud of, in fact, he can gladly tell you the exact dates and reasons for both times he has

trimmed it in the past 20 years. It was mentioned to the children that he was Santa Claus; this kept him occupied for awhile.

The next morning Lisa and I got up early to take pictures of our new friends, before they took off to school, which starts at 7:15 am. The sergeant was spic and span in his police uniform, and the girls were in their school uniforms. They were very cute and reminded me of the flying nun as they biked to school. Their uniforms included a new white head piece that covered their hair, a rich light blue dress that hung below their knees and then white long pants and white tennis shoes. The previous night they had not been in uniform so this morning it was at first difficult to recognize them. The sergeant signaled to a man riding a bike attached to a cart full of breakfast food. The man pedaled over and the sergeant began handing me items off the cart. He explained to the vendor that we were his guests and were Americans. I tried to pay for the treats but the sergeant said, "No. Welcome to Malaysia." He did not pay for the treats either and as I thank them both the sergeant mentioned that the vendor could leave. Feeling guilty about this, I looked for the vendor in town to purchase some goodies from him but to no avail. The breakfast treats included spicy shrimp and various fruits, some battered and fried.

When possible we cycle on country lanes or at least side roads, hoping to avoid the heavy traffic and to see the countryside. However, that is not always possible. In Malaysia, we tried something a bit different. The road we were using was the main route and in addition it was narrow with very little to no shoulder. We were catching glimpses of a toll road that ran parallel to the route we were braving. We checked out the toll road and found very little traffic and a nice wide paved break down lane. We inquired at the Department of Transportation and they said, "yes," we were allowed, at no cost. It was a new road and in excellent condition. It passed through lush forests as well as vast rubber and palm plantations. Unlike the other route, which was highly developed, there were virtually no buildings, save for the occasional rest stop.

A company named Plus, had the maintenance contract for the toll road and daily one of their trucks pulled us over to suggest that we get back on the congested road. After a usually lengthy discussion they would agree we were safer on the toll road.





They repeatedly warned us about motorcyclists falling asleep and running off the road. On one occasion the Plus guys gave us a hot, spicy chicken and rice meal! Too bad they didn't pull us over more often.

We camped at the rest areas along the toll road. Other travelers also slept at the rest stops. In fact, sleeping or resting platforms were provided at each stop. The platforms were roughly 10'x12', two feet off the ground with a roof. Weary truck drivers, salesmen and other travelers were sprawled out on these wooden platforms at all hours, sometimes using a shirt or towel for a pillow.

If there was a creek nearby, it was often turned into a bath. I hope they were using biodegradable soap. We usually found an out of the way spot to set up our tents. The rest stops had attendants around the clock and most were friendly, especially one lady who was very concerned because we set our tent in an area she frequently saw snakes. This concerned me also, but Lisa was already asleep by the time I got this vital information and she refused to budge. This same night I was diligently watching for snakes, I was befriended by the male attendant and a traveler. We discussed many subjects, until I learned that Muslim men in Malaysia can have four wives. This subject kept us going way past my bedtime. Muslim women were only allowed one husband at a time. The traveler recently had three wives but was currently down to two but he was always on the lookout for another. He had children by all three women and two of the women had children from previous marriages. It got very confusing as he began discussing his kids and whose belonged to who, there were over 15 kids in the final tally. It didn't matter to him, he loved them all and was planning on sending each to college that would go. The children ranged from diaper age to early 20's. He would often take the children from house to house, but he tried never to let the wives meet, because they would fight. The two houses were 20 miles apart and convenience or what was on the supper table might determine where he spent the night. It took him two jobs to support both families. The attendant, also Muslim, had and wanted only one wife and he laughed heartily as the traveler discussed his lifestyle.

One of our destinations in Malaysia was the Cameron Highlands. it is a former British hill station.



When the British controlled Malaysia, they established several hill stations to escape the heat of the coasts and to grow tea and other crops. Today, the Cameron Highlands have several tea plantations and is a major vegetable producing region for Malaysia and Singapore. To reach the Cameron Highlands we had a thirty mile uphill ride. It wasn't very steep, and it was very pleasant. The road passed several Drany-asli villages and went through dense jungle. The Drany-asli are the indigenous peoples of Malaysia and are considered the fourth major ethnic group. Many Malays we met referred to them as the jungle people. Most of the Drany-asli live in small villages in the mountains and got much of their livelihood from the jungle. The homes we saw were made of bamboo and built about three feet off the ground. The children ran to the road and cheerfully greeted us as we worked our way up the hill.

The following day we left our bike at the guest house and took a bus to one of the large tea plantations that conducted tours of their operation. We have found that riding the public transportation in many countries is an interest experience and this one was not disappointing. Once we left the main



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road, we were on a very windy one lane road which had two way traffic. Since the bus was larger, it had the right of way. In one of the sharpest turns a front tire blew out. Fortunately we were near a pull off and the driver maneuvered the bus up into it, so we were nearly off the road. The driver disappeared and the locals got off and went their various ways. Lisa and I and two other people looking for the tea plantation followed the road until we found someone to give us directions.

The plantation was large and they gave a very good tour, describing how they cared for and harvested the precious little leaves. On the plantation the tea trees are kept 2.5 to 3 feet through constant and careful pruning. Along the edges of the fields some trees are allowed to grow to their natural 20 to 30 feet. These are used for new stock as trees in the field die. The plantation workers were mostly Indian and they had a small village on the property, complete with a school and a Hindu temple

While in the tea refreshment room we joined in a conversation about a landslide that closed the toll road we had been cycling on. According to the paper three people were killed and several were injured as vehicles were either covered by falling debris or

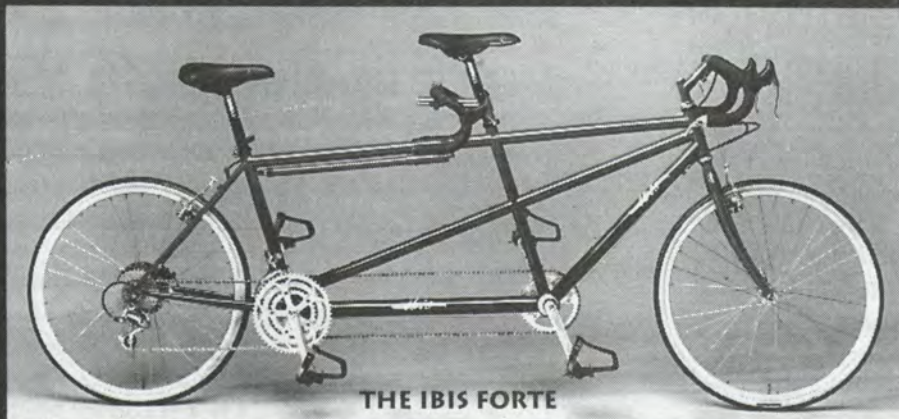
pushed off the road down a steep embankment. After further inspection, the photo and article we realized we had been at that spot 24 hours prior to the landslide. We recognized it and knew when we had been there only because it is the top of a good climb and I had timed us to see how long it took us to cycle to the top. We arrived at the top at 7:30 am on Tuesday and the paper said the landslide occurred on the summit at 7:30 am on Wednesday. We were very thankful that the tailwind and relatively flat toll road had allowed us to get one day ahead of schedule or we might have viewed the landslide up close and personal.

We learned that the Cameron Highlands apparently has a problem with packs of wild dogs, and to alleviate the problem they have an annual tournament to see who can kill the most. The most recent tournament had been won by an Drany-asli using a blow gun. The other participants used shotguns and rifles. The winner won by a large margin getting over 400 dogs. The quietness of the blowgun allowed him to win the event. Where as a man using a rifle would shoot one and the pack would scatter he could get several with a blowgun before the dogs realized something was wrong.



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It was here in the beautiful Cameron Highlands that we realized our rear wheel was splitting. We had broken two spokes in the past few days, and coming up the Highlands I had tried to adjust a rubbing out of the brakes and noticed that the rim had an unusual shape on both sides of the valve hole. At the guest house I anxiously took off the rear wheel, removed the tire and tube to discover two cracks radiating from the valve hole to the two nearest spokes. I marked the cracks with a magic marker so I would be able to determine how fast the cracks were spreading and prayed for the best. We weren't excited about having a 48 hole rim shipped in from the US and doubted seriously we would find one before we reached New Zealand in a months time. Fortunately the cracks didn't grow and we nursed it into Singapore quite easily.

We were expecting a major ordeal at the Singapore border as we cycled across the causeway that joins it to Malaysia. The customs officials have a reputation of being strict and thorough so we were expecting everything we had being checked with a fine tooth comb. To our surprise our passports were stamped with only a passing glance given to our rig. We did see cars and motor scooters being searched. Maybe it was a good thing I shaved last night.

An American, fellow southerner even, that we met in Malaysia told us, "You will think you're in heaven." referring to the modernness and cleanliness of Singapore compared to other Asian countries we had just visited. It is definitely a snazzy place, with its plush high rise hotels and shopping centers. There is also a restaurant which advertises having several computer terminals connected to the Internet. The tallest hotel in the world is here and Lisa and I rode an elevator up it to find a spectacular view of the city. We stayed in the more antiquated Chinatown area and enjoyed the food. Singapore is called the "fine" city not just because of its prosperity and environment, but also because of the hefty fines associated with jay walking, littering, spitting in public and chewing gum.

There were several first rate bicycle shops, well stocked with the latest gadgets, but none had 40 spoke rims. We managed to stay out of trouble while enjoying the last Asian country and food we would visit on this journey. Asia had been very good to us providing many exciting and interesting opportunities. However, we are looking forward to New Zealand and its temperate climate and reputation as a cyclist's paradise.

Charles & Lisa Chanellor  
World Travelers

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## THE PARALYMPIC TRIALS, 1996

The Paralympic Trials for blind and visually impaired athletes were held in Colorado Springs, CO June 2-4, with the June 5 as a rain day for the track events if the weather acted up, but weather was gorgeous so all of the events went as scheduled. The selection procedure was based on an omnium points process. Three men's tandems, three mixed tandems, and two women's tandems would be submitted to the Olympic Committee for selection based on the number of points won by those teams in four events--the road race, kilo, matched sprint, and pursuit. The women's team was excluded from the matched sprint since there isn't one at the Paralympics for them. Athletes and staff checked into the Olympic Training Center on Friday and Saturday and on Sunday the trials started with the road race....Eleven tandems each with a sighted captain and a blind stoker lined up for a mass start with different distances for the

respective men's, mixed, and women's teams. The course was a 4 mile slightly hilly loop. The men's teams rode a 65 mile 16 lap race with the mixed and women's teams racing a 36 mile 9 lap race. The men's winning time was 2:49:44 and was won in a two tandem breakaway by Spencer Yates/Matt King with Mike Buttrey/Ray Collins finishing a close second. Third place went to Greg Combs/Steve Aukward who barely edged out Fred Stanage/Mark Lindsey. The mixed race was won by Scott Evans/Cara Dunne with a time of 1:31:56.01 over Mike Rosenberg/Pam Fernandez at 1:31:56.03. Mike Hopper/Kathy Urschel were third with 1:31:57.12 and the women's race was won by Tiffany Tretschok/Julie Haft who finished with a time of 1:31:57.15. This was an exciting pack sprint finish! Tiffany and Julie were the only women's tandem to compete at the Paralympic Trials.





The track events were held at the 7-Eleven Velodrome. The names are listed in finishing order, winners first, the teams are listed in captain/stoker order:

#### 200 Meter Time Trial

##### Women

Tiffany Tretschok/Julie Haft 13.68

##### Mixed

Scott Evans/Cara Dunne 11.96

Mike Rosenberg/Pam Fernandez 12.13

Mike Hopper/Kathy Urschel 12.52

##### Men

Spencer Yates/Matt King 11.07

Mike Buttrey/Ray Collins 11.12

Fred Stanage/Mark Lindsey 11.43

#### Matched Sprint

##### Men

Mike Buttrey/Ray Collins

Spencer Yates/Matt King

Fred Stanage/Mark Lindsey

##### Mixed

Scott Evans/Cara Dunne

Mike Rosenberg/Pam Fernandez

Mike Hopper/Kathy Urschel

#### Pursuit

##### Men's 4K

Spencer Yates/Matt King 4:44.23

Mike Buttrey/Ray Collins 4:51.57

Fred Stanage/Mark Lindsey 4:54.53

##### Mixed 3K

Mike Rosenberg/Pam Fernandez 3:48.39

Scott Evans/Cara Dunne 3:51.92

Mike Hopper/Kathy Urschel 3:57.76

##### Women's 3K

Tiffany Tretschok/Julie Haft 4:12.50

##### Men's Kilo

Spencer Yates/Matt King 1:09.38

Mike Buttrey/Ray Collins 1:09.69

Fred Stanage Mark Lindsey 1:11.69

##### Mixed Kilo

Mike Rosenberg/Pam Fernandez 1:13.52

Scott Evans/Cara Dunne 1:14.36

Mike Hopper/Kathy Urschel 1:16.03

#### Women's Kilo

Tiffany Tretschok/Julie Haft 1:21.56

The 200 meter time trial is used to establish the order of the quarterfinals in the matched sprint. No points were awarded for the 200. The order of athletes submitted for selection went as follows according to points:

#### Road race matched sprint kilo pursuit

##### Women

Tretschok/Haft 20 20 20 =60

##### Mixed

Rosenberg/Fernand 15 15 20 20 =70

Evans/Dunne 20 20 15 15 =70

Hopper/Urschel 12 12 12 12 =48

##### Men

Yates/King 20 15 20 20 =75

Buttrey/Collins 15 20 15 15 =65

Stanage/Lindsey 10 12 12 12 =48

There was a wide variety of tandems brought to this competition. Among the makes represented were Santana, Erickson, Cannondale, Belinky, Franklin, Landshark, Burley, Yamaguchi, and Co Motion. A lot of them were custom tandems and the prevailing paint job that of stars and stripes. I saw tri spoke, disc, 28 and 32 spoked race wheels and lots of sew-up tires on the track as well as the road. I also saw a lot of direct drives on the track tandems that worked beautifully. I saw Mike Hopper and his stoker Kathy Urschel ride a rear disc wheel blow-out in turn 1 on the track to a complete stop without going down--pretty darned impressive and I saw hooks thrown in the final sprints of the road race--pretty scary on a tandem! It was a great competition and a tandem lovers dream.

Quite a few of the teams qualifying for the Paralympics also rode the Master's National road race and time trail in the disabled athlete categories and will ride Master's National Track Championships at the San Diego Velodrome July 8th-12th. And since this is the first year that USCF has recognized the disabled category, quite a few of the athletes listed in this posting now wear the "stars and bars" jerseys earned by all national champions. As it should be.

Marlee Sondgeroth  
Tucson, AZ





# Who Can? Two Can!

## Seeking The Dream Tandem

*This is the second in a series of stories detailing Ed and Kathy Payne's search for the perfect tandem bicycle. In the last issue they shared the beginnings of their interest in tandems along with first experiences riding one. The story continues...*

### New Machines -New Experiences

July rolled around and we headed south to Asheville, North Carolina for the League of American Bicyclist' National Rally. There we met Larry Black of Mt Airy Cycles and tried out the Santana Sovereign, an aluminum framed machine along with a Santana Titanium machine. While in Asheville we met Will and Carol and chatted about various tandem experiences.

Riding impressions of the two Santana machines were enlightening. The aluminum Santana accelerated briskly and was quite stiff. There was a responsive feel about this one. I wondered if it was because of the frame type or if it was because Kathy and I were growing as a team. Road harshness was present, although not intrusive. Gussed that this might have been due to the double butted tubing (unusual in an aluminum frame). Kathy and I tried a steep hill just for good measure. This aluminum bike was a good climber. We tried to speculate what it would feel like at the end of a long day, since we were not on the bike long enough to do an in-depth evaluation.

We next headed out on the Titanium machine. What an experience! What luxury of feel! I want this bike! The titanium frame had 98% of the responsiveness of the aluminum bike without the harshness. I could see us doing double centuries in 10 hours on this thing! Such smoothness, such suppleness and compliance in a stiff and responsive package had not been experienced before.

Kathy and I departed Asheville and continued reading and learning all we could. Next stop would be Mel Kornbluh' Tandems East in New Jersey. There we would try Bushnells, Sterlings, Cannondales and others.

July 14th, Bastille Day in France, was blistering hot on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Kathy and I headed north to the Lewis-Cape May ferry, crossed on the last boat out that evening and arrived in New Jersey around 9:30 p.m. Next to do was find a place for the evening. Our first three stops had no rooms available, at least for those only wanting to spend a single night. We finally found a place just outside of Wildwood, NJ, adjacent to the Garden State Parkway at 10:00 p.m. Nothing fancy, but man, the resort prices! \$82.50 for a nondescript room with weak air conditioning.

Saturday dawned hot and brutal. By the time we ate breakfast mid morning the temperature had soared past 90 degrees en route to over 100 degrees. We arrived at Tandems East at about noon. Pleasantries were exchanged in the blast-furnace heat. We then headed out on a bright red big-tube aluminum Cannondale. The seating position on this one suited me fine. Kathy liked the seat on the back.



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Cannondale uses straight gauge tubing rather than the double butted kind in its tandem frames. We noted that this choice results in a bike that is ultra-super stiff with plenty of road harshness coming through. This bike was plenty responsive. Kind of a one-personality bike, though. It did not matter if we were climbing, descending, turning, on the power, off the power or what ever; the bike just felt the same all the time. Stiff-stiff-stiff and unforgiving.

Got back after five or six miles and felt like we were breathing the exhalations of a hair-dryer. We found out that it was 105 degrees outside, with a heat index nearing 130 degrees. What kind of crazy people test ride bikes on days like this???

#### Works of Art on Wheels

Next we tried a Sterling tandem with a lustrous paint finish from Fresh Frame. The paint job on this bike was absolute artwork. Candy apple red with gold-toned water bottle cages. Magnificent! Scared to ride it for fear of scratching it. Kathy remarked that I did not seem to be as stable and secure feeling on this one as I was on the Cannondale. Was it the heat talking?

Kathy and I next tried an Aer-Met 100 Bushnell special. Ultra light, just a scant 35 pounds.

Everything on this bike was light. This bike was very, very fast. Truly an ultra-high performance machine. The Aer-Met 100 had a stiff, unforgiving ride without the road harshness of the Cannondale. The steering was a little too light for my taste. This was a thoroughbred racing machine. A beefier fork and heavier headset could be specified to compensate for the squirrely feel.

We ended our test rides with a go on one of the softer riding Bushnell bikes. This last machine was more compliant than the Aer-Met. It also lacked the responsiveness of the Aer-Met

machine, too. In all the Aer-Met bike compared favorably with good Titanium machines. Both Aer-Met and Titanium feature unbeatable lightness and responsiveness. However, it would seem that Titanium has a slight edge in compliance and comfort.

Our next stop in our quest for the Perfect Tandem will be at Tandemo weekend in August. There we will retry the Titanium along with a few others. We are getting close to a purchase Stay tuned.

Edward & Kathy Payne  
Pocomoke City, MD

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## KERI DOES A KERRI

### OUR FIRST MOUNTAIN TANDEM RACE

Our race number for our bike should've warned us: #666. Great! We're riding for Team Belzabub.

The race: July 28, '96, Amatuer Cup #3, Snow Summit Ski Area, home of Team Big Bear, at Big Bear, CA.

As we warmed up and made our way to the staging area for our start time, our mountain bike tandem (Specialized Deja Tu) and our race number drew comments from complete strangers. One wild and crazy tandem team even wanted to switch numbers with us! Maybe we should have....

The race course itself was familiar, having ridden up at Snow Summit many times on our single (or "half-bikes"). Once the pack thinned out, Keri and I

were pretty much alone, except for the one Sport woman rider in front of us.

Other than the dreaded "chain suck" as we hit our first climb, we were able to grind up the climbs and cruise on the flats, downhills, and roller coaster sections of the course.

Keri and I were grunting up the hills together, and whooping it up on the downhills. Yes, we were paying for this pain, but it was worth it! The weather was awesome, the temperature perfect. Everything was clicking along smoothly...until the curse of our race number kicked in.

About three miles from the end of the 19-mile race course, disaster struck. Cruising along the ridge on a flat fire road, we hit a little dip, followed by a





metallic clinking as we kept cruising. I asked my RA Keri if everything was all right, and she said something was wrong with her seat.

We quickly pulled over to the side to investigate, and found that part of her Tamer suspension seat post was missing! She ran back, found the missing piece, and I proceeded to re-attach her seat. After screwing in that bolt for an awfully long time, I realized that the threads were stripped! And I didn't have a spare seat screw, either. Our only choIce was to finish the race...with Keri standing all the way! I offered to give her my seat, but then she wouldn't have any handle bars to hang on to. I asked if she wanted to captain, but we were approaching "Fallout", the steepest, sandiest, and rockiest section of the whole course. She said "No, thanks."

So with her seat post and seat stuffed in our Redlands Water Bottle Transit Co. jerseys (the local bike club we belong to--thanks goodness for those rear pockets!), we proceeded towards "Fallout". Standing with the pedals horizontal was fine. Even pedaling uphill wasn't too bad. Spinning fast and easy was NOT easy for a standing Keri, so we had to keep it in a fairly high gear or coast where we could.

Since we were three miles from the end, there were more people along the course. They would cheer us on, especially when they saw we were a tandem coming down "Fallout", but then they would really encourage Keri when they saw she didn't have a seat!

After a couple of breaks for her quads, and a tough hike-a-bike up "Log Jam" (something like that--I was getting pretty hypoglycemic by then), we crested the front of the ski area and could hear the race announcer and see the lodge below. All we had to do was navigate a series of switch backs down the face of the ski slope and we'd be home free!

After one last rest in the middle of the switch backs, Keri toughed it up and said we could make it all the way to the end. As we approached the finish line, we couldn't just coast right in, but had to navigate a left-hand turn up an incline, and then a right turn to the finish line. Since we were in a relatively high gear, I thought we would be able to grind it out to the finish.

Wrong! Our race number struck again. With our legs glycogen-depleted and unable to clear the lactic

acid, we stopped, just a mere 75 feet away from the finish and people standing five feet away, cheering.

Since we were stopped, we lifted the bike and shifted down to a more reasonable gear, and proceeded to start again. Unfortunately, our first start was cut short by some massive cramps in MY quads! A quick stretch and the spasm subsiding, we were then able to start going on the incline and cross the finish line!

Yes, even though this wasn't the Olympics, we felt like the "devil down in Georgia" because even though Keri could've quit when she lost her seat, she toughed it out so that Team Medina could finish our first race. No gold medal, but close enough for us!

Will we race in Amatuer Cup #4, the final race, in September? I'll have to ask Keri after her quads recover!

Overall, we had a great time, were so glad we didn't lose her seat at the start of the race, and met some really neat people, especially other tandem teams there. I think we'll be racing again....

#### Final race stats:

Distance: 19.3 miles (mostly fire roads, some single track) Max speed: 26.9 MPH (this includes ruts, rocks, roots, sand, and no front suspension!)

Riding time: 2 hrs. 35 mins.

Place: 10th (don't even THINK about asking how many tandems there were....)

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Ken Ash began asking friends in the summer of 1994 to join him for an adventure. Ken had taken his oldest daughter Misty on a bike tour of Hawaii Island as a college graduation gift some years earlier. Since then, he and his wife Karen had bought a Burley tandem and Karen, a dedicated volkswalker, began to like cycling as much as Ken and their younger daughter, Tanda. Ken wanted to take Tanda on the Hawaii tour for her 1996 graduation from University of Idaho, but this time he decided to take along Karen and a few friends.

We'd been thinking about the trip for a year and readily agreed. So did our veteran cycling friend Jan Prah, who had crossed the U.S. during the summer three years earlier and was game for anything. Stan and I would take our Tandem Two'sDay on its first real airline test (we bought it in '95 to attend the international tandem rally in Brittany but as readers remember, we didn't go. I was hit by a car riding my single the night before we were to leave for France. I've recovered; thanks for asking.) Ken and Karen would take the Burley, Tanda her Cannondale single and Jan would take "Black Beauty," her trusty and continually retrofitted Centurion. We got our plane tickets in July and checked and double-checked to make sure the Burley could go. No problem, Northwest Airlines told Ken. About five weeks before departure, Ken checked again, since our schedule had been changed a bit, as airlines will sometimes do. This time he was told they could get the bike as far as Honolulu but no further. And no more discussion.

Ken called me, got Green Gear's phone number, and had ordered a Two'sDay by the end of that week (an unexpected and uncomfortable expense with Christmas and Misty's spring wedding approaching,

but necessary). It would be delivered about 10 days before departure, giving Ken the chance to take it apart and put it back together a couple of times and ride it to the end of his block.

Karen didn't ride it until we got to Kona. (An aside here: some fellow Oregon tandem riders took their bike to Hawaii several years ago without much hassle. They arrived at the airport for the return trip to the mainland and were told, by the airline that had brought them to Hawaii, that they couldn't take the bike. They told the baggage folks, "Well, you got it here. and we're not leaving until you take it back." They took it back.)

We left Portland at 6:30 a.m. on Dec. 27. At the airport, Tanda and Jan paid \$45 each to get their bikes to Hawaii while our four black Samsonites, filled with Two'sDay pieces, went on the baggage conveyor without question. Well, when the handler lifted our first one and remarked at the weight, I said, "There's a bicycle in there." She said, "That'll be \$45." I said, "No ma'am, that won't. That's a suitcase."

We arrived at Keahole Airport eight miles outside Kailua-Kona at 3 p.m. Hawaii time (5 p.m. our time). We assembled our bikes with minimal difficulties and were a curbside attraction for dozens of arriving Japanese tourists, as well as several bus and cab drivers. We managed to ride the eight miles into Kona just as the sun set, which was a feat because the traffic was horrendous and the sun sets quickly. No dusk. One minute it's daylight, the next it's dark. I was wearing jeans and the humidity was oppressive and we were all extremely tired. Ken's rear wheel kept coming out of the drop outs. Jan's seatpost wasn't secured and slipped clear to the top tube. It was a hard ride for everyone. We walked the last mile in the dark, down a hill to the hotel. After showers and changing into more appropriate clothes, we ate at Stan's Restaurant, part of the hotel, the first place we'd see with walls open to the elements and little birds flying in and out as you eat.

We spent a day in Kona shopping and getting organized for the tour, watching mongooses play on the hotel grounds, and beginning to keep track of all the unusual birds and plants we were seeing. The





outdoors, all over the island, are covered with what are houseplants here: philodendrons 40 feet tall, Christmas cactuses with arms 10 feet long, orchids that grow like weeds, impatiens as ground cover, entire hedges of caladiums and hibiscus (the latter is the Hawaii state flower, in yellow. We saw at least six different colors of it.).


Jan and the Ashes went snorkeling in a protected bay south of town looking for sea turtles feeding there. We saw dozens of the bright green gecko lizards. Jan discovered a centipede in her hotel bed the day before we left. Ken fished it out without getting bit and tossed it outside. He's lucky. The "writhing abomination," as Jack London described it in his "Stories of Hawaii," was at least six inches long and is deadly poisonous. Friday Dec. 29 was our first day on the road. We got a later start than usual because both tires on Ken and Karen's Two'sday were flat, as well as one on the trailer. We'd all ridden through dozens of kiawe thorns on the way in from the airport and hadn't realized it. Stan pried at least a dozen thorns out of our tires but we had no flats because we'd put Slime in the inner tubes of all four tires before leaving home. The green goop oozed through our tires in three places and quickly sealed them. We didn't even need to top up the air pressure for two more days. For bikes with Schraeder inner tubes, I can't recommend it strongly enough!

Ken had talked to a guy at a bike shop who had given him a route out of town that was different from what he'd planned, supposedly flatter and with

less traffic. The latter was true, but what we quickly learned is that there is no way out of Kona that's flat unless you go the opposite direction, i.e. back to the airport. We began to climb and climb and climb and had made four miles at the end of an hour and a half. We climbed 2,000 feet in the first nine miles.

We managed 22 miles by the end of the day, all of us nearly delirious with fatigue and the heat. But our camp was literally an oasis (except for the clogged women's toilets; we used the mens', under guard by Ken and Stan). We descended a steep road 2 1/2 miles to Ho'okena Beach, where Robert Louis Stevenson was inspired to write the story he felt was his best, "The Bottle Imp." It was once a thriving native village of about 4,500 people. Today, a handful live there, and some still set out to fish from outrigger canoes that rest on the grey sand beach. We laid out our sleeping pads and Youth Hostel sheets beside a canoe and slept under the brilliant stars that winked at us all night from behind a canopy of coconut palms.

Camping in the islands, at state or county parks, is simple. Arrive, pitch your tent if you think you'll need it, and keep a low profile. Some of the busier campgrounds have staff who check for the camping permits you are supposed to get from the government months before you arrive. Almost no one bothers to get the permits and we didn't either. Don't expect grassy areas for your tent. Take a free-standing one if you have it. Any dirt is a veneer over solid rock usually less than an inch beneath the surface. Pounding in stakes is nearly impossible.



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We pushed the bikes up to the top the next morning. Only Jan was able to ride out. We decided early on, and it was daily confirmed, that the trailers that are made of our suitcases are a great idea but a drag on a hilly tour. Two extra wheels for extra rolling resistance are back there without any extra power to propel them. We had taken as little stuff as we could to get by on the road, but we still had a lot of weight back there and felt it, particularly the first two days before we began to get used to nearly constant climbing. The disc brake was absolutely essential on many long descents and we used it as much as we could, safely.

Onward, heading south. Day Two included 20 miles without a place to get water. A "water junction" was at the top of the hill where we emerged from the beach camp and we filled up all our bottles. Water is scarce on the west side of the island and people outside cities must usually rely on catchment systems to collect dew. The water junction had water piped, I suspect, from Kona or Captain Cook, the only other town of any size for miles. People come with huge containers for water and some bring trucks to get 150 gallons at once. With all the sweating we were doing in the humidity, we knew it was essential to have as much fluid as possible. We have bottle cages that can hold liter bottles, and took along a Dromedary back that holds two liters more. We set out, nursing our bottles like bedouins on camels, riding past old lava flows and macadamia nut farms.

We made it about 25 miles that day, to a state park with drinking water. We determined there we could go no farther. Ken and Tanda set off on his tandem for the nearest town, three miles away, for some supplemental food supplies for dinner and breakfast. Stan talked to some Hawaiians and learned about witches who will haunt people who violate Hawaiian gravesites or offend their gods or customs. Karen and Jan and I went on a hike up a nature trail to see a volcanic crater and some wild pheasants.

We made camp in a three-sided stone shelter with the corrugated metal roof that you see throughout rural Hawaii. We laid out pads and sleeping bags and nodded off at dark. About 10 p.m., locals began to gather outside for what we thought at first were drug deals. Later, we realized it was an evening of drag racing. They'd come on motorcycles,

in small cars or pickups, rev up their motors as hard as they could, then "lay rubber," screeching off down the highway at high speed, over and over and over again, playing loud rap music on their stereos, drinking beer, setting off firecrackers. We were terrified, but it ended about 2 a.m. when a police officer drove slowly by. About an hour after that, the rain began. It rained, it blew, it rained, it thundered and lightning lit up the night sky. Our bikes were outside. They got soaked. It was still going strong at daylight and we brought wet things into the shelter to begin drying them. We were stuck in the shelter, eating oatmeal and drinking coffee and hot chocolate, until about 9:30 a.m. when it let up enough to venture out. When we got to the next town, they said it was the first rain there in about two years and the storm had been a "mini-hurricane" farther up the mountain, knocking down trees and powerlines.

We headed south, now on New Year's Eve, but chose not to take the road to South Point, the southernmost tip of the U.S. Hawaiians had told us it was a sacred place where you should go only to pray. Others said it was very windy (they have windmills there to generate electricity) and the road was bad, besides being an 11-mile climb out. But as we passed the South Point road, we rounded the corner that brought us from the dry side to the wet, east side and everything changed. The flowers and plants were 10 times bigger and greener than they'd been on the dry side. It was like a different world. We felt like we were in the tropics at last.

That night, Stan and I stayed in the Shirakawa Motel, the southernmost motel in the U.S., while our companions went on to another beach camp. Coffee plants, giant poinsettias, lemons, orchids and other exotic plants grew just outside the door. At midnight, we listened to the entire community dueling with firecrackers as the old year became the new one. We had celebrated the holiday with a shower, laundry in the sink, Spam, Triscuits, Kraft Singles and cold Miller Genuine Draft. The ancient general store had slim pickings unless you had a hankering for dried cuttlefish and Boone's Farm wine.

We spent New Year's Day climbing from sea level to 4,024 feet elevation, the crest at the side of Kilauea Volcano crater. We were scheduled to meet our friends that day at a campground in Hawaii





Volcanoes National Park. The climb was 30 miles, the last 12 or so a constant 160 feet elevation gain per mile. We had oppressive humidity at sea level when we began but were in our Goretex jackets by the 2,500-foot level where it began to drizzle, then rain in earnest. The cool weather was a godsend. We left the motel at 7:30 a.m. and got to the campground at 4 p.m..

The campground was closed, as was the entire park because of the ongoing federal budget squabble. We chose to ride on, over the crest and down to the little village called Volcano, where several B & Bs could be found. However, it being New Year's Day, most places were closed. We were quite cold and wet by then, it was getting very foggy and dark, so we kept on and eventually found ourselves at Chalet Kilauea, the most elegant place we've ever seen. They had one room left, their fanciest and most expensive, but they cut the price in half, let us cook our dinner on our campstove outside and welcomed us at an elegant breakfast on china and crystal the next day. Local bananas baked in a pastry crust, topped with a type of cranberry that grows on the volcano, macadamia nuts, and Tahitian lime juice (the lime tree grew in the yard outside), then Portugese sweetbread topped with two cheeses, a slice of tomato, some julienned green onion tops, more macadamias, then broiled, plus the delicious Kona coffee that we grew to love. It was wonderful!

We drifted downhill for 20 miles that morning to Keeau, where we did laundry, picked up some food, and waited for our friends. After several hours, we headed on for our next beach camp at a spot that is popular with surfers. The ride out there was wet but beautiful as we passed through a small rain forest and out across lava fields to the shining blue coast. We put up our tent and had no sooner finished than another downpour began. We hunkered inside, reading, as the huge drops pounded the rainfly, our bike, and the trailer. It lasted an hour and left us literally floating in about 3 inches of water. The tent floor was like a waterbed. We didn't get wet, but nearly everything in the trailers did. They can withstand just so much, and a tropical storm isn't it. We pulled up tent stakes and the tent and moved it to higher, drier ground, poured water out of the trailer and sponged off what we could just as darkness set. We had no more rain that night and slept peacefully until the fishermen began to launch boats about 5 a.m.



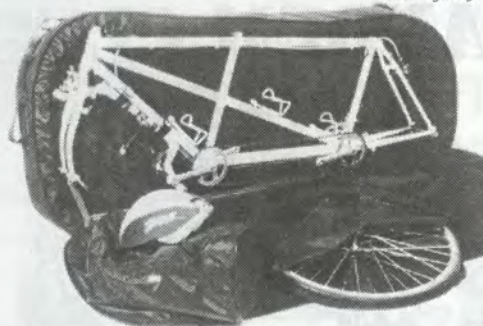
We did more sponging and wringing the next morning in the pavilion, a small shelter with lights and picnic tables and a concrete floor that all parks have, and ate breakfast. We met a couple from Anchor Point, Alaska, who were camped there in a rented car. We left a note with them to give to our traveling companions, should they see them, and left another note under a rock in the pavilion before we headed back to Keeau. As we rode along, a couple passed in a car, waving frantically, and stopped up ahead, motioning for us to stop. We were cruising along at about 25 miles an hour, downhill in a particularly narrow and busy stretch of road, but pulled over anyway. They said they had spent the last night at a B & B in Volcano with our friends, they were having a good time and were all OK.

Our friends met up with us as we sat at an outdoor cafe in Keeau about two hours later. We caught up on our separate adventures -they'd been sort of adopted by a former sugar cane farmer as they started up the volcano on New Year's Day and he'd taken them to a Buddhist temple and a Buddhist banquet and asked them to stay the night at his



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house. Then they'd encountered the closed campground and also had to stay in a B & B in Volcano. They went on to the beach where we'd weathered the downpour and we rode on to Hilo, the biggest city on the island, and got a hotel. The people from Alaska still had our note, which they gave to our friends, and other campers gave them the one we'd left in the pavilion. Hawaii Island is a small place. We stayed in Hilo for three nights. Stan and I spent our first day there walking the three miles from the hotel to the old downtown where we bought the Jack London book. We noticed a huge open area between the hotel and the downtown. Where a tidal wave had wiped out much of the town about 30 years before.

Everyone else came into Hilo the second night. Ken and Karen's bike had broken down the day before and they'd limped into Hilo to find a bike shop. They have an internal three-speed hub (like the old Sturmey- Archer type but this is made in Colorado) instead of a front derailleur and it had broken. They found that the bike shop could not fix it without a replacement part, ordered from Oregon, and it would not arrive for several days. (The Hilo shop eventually sent the part to Ken in March.) They

packed up the bike and rented a car for the duration of the trip. Ken was bitterly disappointed and despondent for about two days.

While the bike shop was sorting things out, we took a tour of the newest lava fields over the buried town of Kalapana. We got in a four-wheel-drive rig with two other people and a guide and drove to where the road ends, then hiked out across the lava to where it flows into the sea. It was incredibly hot but wondrous to see. Where we finally stopped the hike, the lava was less than two weeks old and still very warm. We could feel and smell sulphurous steam coming up through vents around our feet. Acid rain dripped on us from the lava vent. Our guide told us that Hawaii has the purest air in the world, except around the volcano where it is some of the most polluted anywhere. The volcano creates its own weather systems, and the smoggy conditions that often cover parts of the island are called "vog." We thought the local newspapers had misspelled "fog" until several residents told us the difference.

We left Hilo on the third day and headed north up the coast. The route included a four-mile "scenic" route off the main Hawaii Belt Road. The scenic route went past tiny villages and old, old Hawaiian houses, always with the corrugated metal roofs, big lanais (porches), built four or five feet above the ground for ventilation. We spent some time at a small country store run by a Japanese family and bought fresh papayas. We'd been eating papayas every day since we found one beside the road on the first day. They're delicious, tree-ripened.

The ride north of Hilo to Honokaa, where we turned west, was one of our favorites. The Belt Road had several "horseshoes" in it, big looping U-shaped turns that go down to a small narrow bridge, then back up to another headland. The bridges cross gulches, each one a lush tropical forest with waterfalls or small private beaches down below. Absolutely lovely! One of our camps was at the bottom of a horseshoe at Laupahoehoe Point, where a monument has been erected in memory of 30 people, most of them children, who were swept out to sea in a tidal wave in 1946.

Our next stop was Waimea (or Kamuela), elevation about 2,700 feet, and a stark contrast to the tropical east coast. Waimea is the location of the Parker Ranch, the largest privately-owned cattle ranch in the U.S. It's definitely wild west cowboy

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country. You know you're still in Hawaii, though, by the variety of Oriental, Filipino, and Polynesian foods in the grocery stores and the Portugese sausage and rice on all the restaurant menus. We did laundry there and spent the night at a hotel.

For the two days since we'd left Hilo, we'd had a noise in the front end of the bike, what sounded like the front bottom bracket, though we hoped not because the bike had less than 500 miles on it. We took it to a bike shop the day we left Waimea and became acquainted with "Hawaiian time" there. The shop was supposed to open at 9 a.m., but the owner didn't show up until 10:15. He looked the bike over thoroughly, declared the bottom bracket sound, charged us \$10 for labor and we were on our way about 10:45. Jan and Tanda had waited with us, since we had another climb ahead of us, another 1,000 feet over about 8 miles up Kohala Mountain Road toward the northern peninsula. We crested it at about 12:30 p.m. after marveling at all the prickly pear cactus and wild lantana we saw on the way. The drift down to Hawi (pronounced Huh-VEE') was about 14 miles with lots of work for the disc brake and for Stan, feathering the calipers up front. About halfway down, he had to stop because of a cramp in his side. He lay down beside the road for several minutes, then we went on our way.

Hawi was our favorite place on the island. It's one quaint but quality shop or restaurant after another, including the Bamboo Restaurant, where we had the best food anywhere, and Kohala Coffee Mill, where I had the best cafe latte of my life. Headed east to our camp for the night, we passed the statue of King Kamehameha I which had been made in Italy and lost at sea off the Falklands in the 19th century, then found, restored and erected here, at his birthplace. We camped at Keokea Beach that night, where Stan saw a humpback whale breach. It was also where his discomfort from earlier got worse. He couldn't eat any dinner, and went to bed early. About 11:30 p.m., when Stan couldn't get into a comfortable position in the tent, he asked Ken if we could borrow the rental car to drive to the nearest hospital. He felt better as soon as we were in the car but drove all the way to Kona Community Hospital, 75 miles south. He was admitted to emergency and promptly passed a kidney stone. They did all sorts of other tests to rule out things like bowel obstruction and heart problems, gave him two units of saline solution and released him at 7 a.m.



I spent part of the night trying to sleep in the car, then the hospital staff let me sleep in a psychiatric holding room. Stan's ER doctor is a commercial fisherman in his spare time. The doctor said Hawaii has more kidney stones than anywhere in the U.S. and they don't know why. He also said that it usually takes people at least a week to get used to the climate, and most of those are people who don't plan an outdoor adventure like we did. We drove back to camp after daylight with instructions for Stan not to ride for awhile. We had two riding days left, the easy part of the route which is also the bicycle portion of the Ironman Triathlon. We let Ken and Karen ride our bike since theirs was disabled. We drove the car and did some sightseeing. It was miserable, in a way. Not riding any longer, my feet swelled up like sausages and ached from the humidity. But we visited several old Hawaiian villages, now in ruins, and a significant heiau, or temple, where Kamehameha I had slaughtered a lot of people and united the islands.

The trip ended with two more nights in Kona, shopping for souvenirs and a last dinner at a lavish restaurant, watching the surf crash against the seawall. Stan, Ken, Karen and Tanda had tried to go snorkeling the last day, but there was the annual



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high surf and all the beaches were closed. Jan and I spent the morning shopping and working on our tans by the hotel pool.

This was an atypical Hawaiian vacation. We didn't hang around resorts or play golf, I never wore gold leather sandals and only a few of us had any mai-tais. We met native Hawaiians on their own level rather than surrounding ourselves with other tourists. We sometimes felt like trespassers, but were generally treated kindly.

Road surfaces were nearly always excellent, with few exceptions. Some of the roads into campgrounds were dreadfully broken up. Some parts of the Belt Road had no shoulder. None. Most of the roads were narrow, and Hawaiians seemed to only move fast when behind the wheel of a car, but only a few "buzzed" us and even fewer shouted rude comments. We saw maybe six other touring cyclists. It is an extremely unusual thing to do there. The cost of living is high and homelessness is common. It's easy to live that way: the weather is always warm (we saw some January records broken for heat. It was usually in the mid to upper 80s), and you can live off the land from windfall fruit of all kinds.

Our bike performed beautifully. The suitcases were checked on as regular baggage and arrived together at the start and finish. We never did figure out the front end noise, but think it could have been Stan's right pedal. The one serious problem we had was with the headset which loosened up three times. We took it to a bike shop when we got home and had it replaced. The original was a very cheap one, and we were a bit disappointed that Green Gear would do that with such an important component.

The combination of torrential rains and nearly constant exposure to salt air caused a lot of surface rust, which Stan cleaned away when we got home.

Hawaiian bike shops recommend using waterproof grease rather than the lithium grease we used. The salt air and humidity also cost Stan his glasses. It ate away the anti-glare coating on the lenses to the point where he could barely see and certainly couldn't focus a camera (he's a news photographer.) He had the glasses replaced when we got home. This was the toughest bike tour we've ever done, without exception, but we would do it again - under slightly different conditions: we'd go in August or September, so the change in climate

would not be quite so dramatic, and would do it with a SAG, so no one would have to carry all their stuff over those hills.

Recommended reading in preparation for a Hawaiian tour: *"Hawaii by Bike"* by Nadine Slavinski, published by The Mountaineers.

*"Hawaii Handbook,"* by J.D. Bisignani, published by Moon Publications. The handbooks are also available for each of the individual islands.

*\*topographic maps of each island, published by University of Hawaii Press, \$2.95 each and almost waterproof.*

Marilyn and Stan Smith  
Albany OR

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January-February, 1996

### TANDEM PARTNERS NEEDED

Visually Impaired biker looking for partner for local rides, tours and rallies. Will serve as a substitute, if your partner can not make it. Call Barb, evenings at (860) 442-7319 or send e-mail: [balew@conncoll.edu](mailto:balew@conncoll.edu) Barb Lewis





### TANDEM RACES



September 15, 1996. **Mike Cool Memorial Challenge.** An ATB race with tandem classes in the Cool Ski Area, Leroy, MI. Fun Promotions, 616/453-4245. Or call Dwain Abramowski, Executive Director, @ 616/785-0120.

September 29, 1996. **Addison Oaks Fall MTB Race** An ATB race with tandem classes in the Addison Oaks County Park, Leonard, MI. Oakland County Parks, 810/858-4647. Or call Dwain Abramowski, Executive Director, @ 616/785-0120.

October 13, 1996. **Cuesta College Biathlon.** San Luis Obispo, CA. Run/Bike. Tandem Class! For more information, send a SASE to Cuesta College, P.O. Box 8106, San Luis Obispo, CA 93403 (805)- 546-3207. Ask for the '96 Biathlon Brochure.

October 20, 1996. **Cannonsburg Challenge.** An ATB race with tandem classes in the Cannonsburg Ski Area, Grand Rapids, MI. Fun Promotions, 616/453-4245. Or call Dwain Abramowski, Executive Director, @ 616/785-0120.

July, 1997. **1997 Burley Cycling Classic.** Eugene, OR. Rider categories will be changing from previous years, and there will be a few course changes. Contact Patricia LeCaux, Race Director, Russ Morton, Technical Director, 4080 Stewart Rd, Eugene, OR 97402 (541)-687-1644

Send your race listings to the DoubleTalk Editors Now!

## TCA Merchandise Order Form

### Polo Shirts are now available!

To order Polo Shirts or patches please fill out the order form below and mail it with a check made payable to: Tandem Club of America

Stan & Marilyn Smith  
4100 Del Monte Place SE  
Albany, OR 97321-6209

Polo shirts are dark forest green with light green and gold stitching. These are GREAT looking shirts!

Total Qty: Polo shirts \_\_\_ x \$29.50 = \_\_\_

Total Qty Patches \_\_\_ x \$ 4.00 = \_\_\_

Total Enclosed: \_\_\_

Adult sizes only: Adult: Small \_\_\_ Medium \_\_\_ Large \_\_\_ X-Large \_\_\_

Indicate quantities and include \$29.50 for each shirt, \$4.00 for each patch ordered. Canadian and other foreign orders should include extra for appropriate postage.

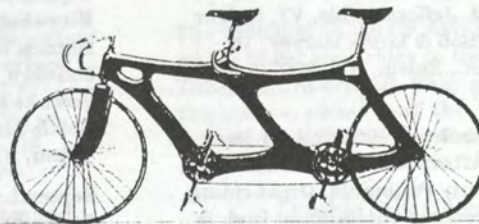
Ship to: Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

## TANDEM CLUB OF A · M · E · R · I · C · A



(logo shown approximately full size)

T-shirts are still available!! \$10.00 U.S. includes US postage.





## TANDEM CALENDAR 1996

August 30-Sept 2, 1996. **Midwest Tandem Rally 96**. Appleton, WI. For hotel reservations: Paper Valley Hotel & Conference Center (800) 242-3499, mention MTR96. Need additional info? Tom Thalmann, N1583 Skyline Dr, Greenville, WI 54942. (414) 757-6561

August 28-30, 1996. **TNT, Team Northwest Tandemonium Tandem Tour Puget Sound in the Summer**. Spend four (plus) days experiencing the sights and sounds of Puget Sound. We will cycle islands and the mainland, ride ferries, stay at B&B's (or camp), visit wineries and a homegrown brewery, sip lattes or Seattle's Best Coffee, eat at bakeries or a chocolate shop, and possibly even go to a zoo/aquarium! Contact Kim or David Rittenhouse (503) 635-2993 as soon as possible.

August 30-Sept 2, 1996. **Santana West Coast Tandem Rally**. San Luis Obispo. All-suites hotel with spas, complimentary evening cocktails & unlimited made-to-order breakfasts. Oh, yes, we will ride too. Limited to 150 teams. Santana Cycles, Box 206, La Verne, CA 91750

August 30-September 2, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Smugglers Notch Weekend**. Jeffersonville, VT. Call or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079 (603)-898-5285

September 2-6, 1996 **MTR 96 Door County Aftertour**. Tour the famous Door County Peninsula. Great riding, terrific scenery, outstanding food, & excellent accommodations combine to make this an event you won't want to miss! Four nights lodging, five meals, maps & que sheets, ride leaders, luggage transport, T-shirts & surprises. Participation is limited. SASE to S. Cannon, 1305 Mayside, Oklahoma City, OK 73127-7011. (405) 354-8412, e-mail suzcan@aol.com

September 2, 1996 **DoubleDates (Dallas, TX) Ride** 7:30 am Dream Cafe for brunch. Meet at the northwest corner of 15th & Independence in Plano. 40 or 60 mile

options. Carroll & Bobbie Mayhew (214) 596-5251

September 5-8, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Acadia Park Weekend**. Bar Harbor, ME. Call Don & Carolyn Lane @ (603)-893-4766, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

September 7, 1996. **TNT (Team Northwest Tandemonium, Portland, OR) End of the Road Ride**. 3,000 feet of climbing, 40 miles. This ride is for those riders who don't like traffic and don't mind hills. Start at Cornell and Skyline (part in the northeast corner lot). 9 am. Neil Soiffer & Carolyn Smith (503) 297-3588

September 7-8, 1996. **Colorado Tandems' Ride Through Phantom Canyon Overnight** in Victor. Contact Mike and Fawn Remington to sign on. 719/391-0742

September 8, 1996. **Ann Arbor (MI) Tandemists Ride**. Dexter, MI. Depart from Dexter, HS, 10 am. 45 to 60 miles. Maps provided. Lunch will be at a restaurant along the route. Contact Steu & Lucy White, 509 Bruce, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 996-2974

September 14, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Return to West Hartford**. West Hartford, CT. Call Joyce and Paul Swanke @ (860)-561-2686 or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

September 15, 1996. **Ann Arbor (MI) Tandemists Ride**. Manchester, MI. Depart from downtown Manchester, 10 am. 45 to 60 miles. Maps provided. Lunch will be at a restaurant along the route. Contact John & Joanne Phibbs, 1221 Creal Crescent, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 663-5809

September 15, 1996. **Colorado Tandems' Ice Cream Ride**. Loveland to Lyons, with a short stop at a homemade ice cream shoppe. 303/663-6227 (Bob & Sue George)

September 15, 1996 **TOYS (Tandems of York (PA) Society) Ride**. Contact

Carolyn or Joe Stafford, Dallastown, PA(717) 246-1173

September 15, 1996 **DoubleDates (Dallas, TX) Rhonda's Fast & Furious Ride** 6:30 am 42 - 70 mile options, maps provided. Jim & Rhonda Hoyt (214) 231-3993

September 20-21, 1996 **DoubleDates (Dallas, TX) Oklahoma Weekend**. Ardmore, OK. make your own hotel reservations, let your hosts know which days you will be participating. Holiday Inn (405) 223-7130 Hosts Rick & Kay Watson, HCR 70, Box 116, Ardmore, OK (405) 636-6786 or (405) 223-9911 or cw7540@aol.com

September 21, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Glacial Run**. Michael and Priscilla Lynch. Lunch is planned on a 45 mile route that leaves at 9am. (312) 238-8535

September 21, 1996 **TOYS (Tandems of York (PA) Society) Ride**. Contact Carolyn or Joe Stafford, Dallastown, PA (717) 246-1173

September 22, 1996. **Ann Arbor (MI) Tandemists Ride**. Saline, MI. Depart from the municipal parking lot, 10 am. 45 to 60 miles. Maps provided. Lunch will be at a restaurant along the route. Contact Steve and Diana Lansky, 1912 Covington, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 663-0347

September 27-29, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Weekend at Martha's Vineyard**. Falmouth, MA. Call George & Rosemary Milewski @ (508)-693-0798, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

September 28, 1996. **GREATER ROCHESTER EATING AND TANDEM SOCIETY (GREAT Society) Erie Canal Century**. 8:00 a.m., Rochester, NY. 100 miles with shorter options. Call Penny Gill-Stuart or Craig Stuart @ 716-328-8781 for directions and information.

September 29, 1996. **Ann Arbor (MI) Tandemists Ride**. Chelsea, MI. Depart from parking lot @ corner of M52&US12, south of Downtown, 10





am. 45 to 60 miles. Maps provided. Lunch will be at a restaurant along the route. Contact Chris & Casey Marble, 7695 Huron River Drive, Dexter, MI 48130 (313) 426-8694

September 29, 1996 **DoubleDates (Dallas, TX) Jenkins Grapevine Ride.** 9am multiple ride distances, maps provided. meet at Dave's House. Contact David Jenkins (817) 424-0821

October 4-6, 1996. **Louisiana Tandem Weekend.** Ride the heart of Cajun Country around Lafayette, LA. Joint Cajun Cyclists Bike Club for flat rides all three days, eating great food, touring botanical gardens an antebellum home tour, and a lot of fun. Limited to the first 50. SASE to Chris & Kathy Daigle, 208 Bismark Dr, Broussard, LA 70518 (318) 837-8034

October 4-6, 1996. **Santana Vermont Tandem Rally.** Champlain Valley, VT. Headquarters in the Basin Harbon Inn on the east shore of Lake Champlain. PreRegistration required. Santana Cycles, Box 206, La Verne, CA 91750

October 5, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Leap to Lexington.** Lexington, MA. Call Bob & Ruth Sawyer @ (617)-862- 6517, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

October 4, 1996. **Colorado Tandems' Ft. Collins Ride.** Contact Randy and Edie Stout, 970/482-2268 for starting time and place.

October 10-13, 1996. **18th Annual Southern Tandem Rally.** Sebring, FL. For hotel reservations: Kenilworth Lodge, (800) 423-5939. For rally registration forms: SASE to Josua Feingold, STR 96, 244 SW 180 Ave, Pembroke Pines, FL 33029

October 11-13, 1996. **Fall Allegheny Rally for Tandems (FART III)** Off-road MTB Weekend for tandems in Allegheny State Park, Salamanca, NY. Rustic accommodations or camping. All meals on your own except Saturday night dinner. Riding XC ski trails and horse trails. Technically not difficult, but be prepared to climb. For more info, call Karen or Brian Managan, 1134 Wall Road, Webster, NY 14580 (716)-872-1751 or e-mail to hey\_managan@mlstand.com.

Registrations must be made by July 6, so don't delay!!

October 12 & 13, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Overnight to Indiana.** Ride in Indiana around the New Castle, IN area led by Bruce and Beth Bailey (317) 378-3469.

October 20, 1996. **MULE Team, Missouri Union of Longbike Enthusiasts, Two Ferry Tour.** Ride from St Peters Missouri to Pere Marquette Park in Illinois via a paddle wheel ferry across the Mississippi River. Depart at 9:30 from commuter parking lot off I-70 at Mid Rivers Mall Drive (Exit 222). For additional information call Al & Carolyn Stahlsatz (314) 537-0029 or (314) 928-4802

October, 20, 1996 **RATS (Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society) Ride.** Ideal ride for folks hauling buggers. Contact Dave & Susie Jones (804) 275-9362

October 26, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Chili Pumpkin Patch Ride.** Led by Tom and Sherry Masters from the Barrinton area (847) 358-7797.

**SUNDAY 27**  
October 26, 1996 **Heart of Dixie Tandems (Birmingham, AL) Ride.** Meet at the bank in Odenville, 9 am, 40 or 50 mile options. Jack or Susan Goertz, (205) 991-7766 or tandems@mindspring.com

November 9, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Boxford Ride.** Boxford, MA. Call Anne & Emery Glass @ (617)-631-3239, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

January 1, 1997 **RATS (Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society) Second Annual FYBO ride.** 10 am Mary & Tom Breeden (804) 261-1231

April 25-27, 1997 **Southwest Tandem Rally 1997.** Tulsa, OK. SASE to Bob & Jo Carol Williams, 7721 South 28th West Avenue, Tulsa, OK 74132. Ph: (918)-446-3255. Make your reservations directly with the Southern Hills Marriott, 1902 E. 71st Street, Tulsa, OK 74136, ph: (918)-493-7000. Mention the SWTR to get the \$66+tax rate.

April 18-20, 1996 **Alabama Tandem Weekend.** Return to the "loveliest village on the plains," Auburn, AL, for a fantastic tandem weekend. Beautiful country scenery with low traffic roads. Several ride options, all marked and maps provided. SASE to George and Judy Bacon, 305 Snake Hill Circle, Trussville, AL 35173. Call before 9pm central time (205) 655-2808

July 5-6, 1997 **Northwest Tandem Rally, Eugene, OR.** The biggest tandem event in the northeast, if not the US! camping & hotel options. Rides begin & end at the University of Oregon For additional information contact: 97NWTR, P.O. Box 10443, Eugene, OR 97440 or nwtr97@emerald.com

July 25-27, 1997 **NEAT (North East Area Tandem) Rally.** Hartford, CT. Tour the scenic hills and valleys of the Farmington River Valley of Central Connecticut. The elegant Avon Old Farms Hotel will be the site for the 1997 NEAT Rally. This will be the NEATest weekend in 1997. SASE to NEAT Rally, P.O. Box 514, Unionville, CT, 06085. Ph: (860) 673-1181 Alice & Bob Sawyer.

September 5-8, 1997 **Midwest Tandem Rally** Columbus, OH. The largest tandem rally in the US moves to Ohio. SASE to Norm Bernhardt, 2639 Morning Sun Drive, Fairborn, OH 45324

The TANDEM CLUB OF AMERICA wants to list your rides in the TANDEM CALENDAR. Rally and Ride Organizers, please send the information about your tandem events to:

DoubleTalk Calendar  
Jack & Susan Goertz  
2220 Vanessa Drive  
Birmingham, AL 35242

Please limit your TCA Calendar listings to TANDEM-specific events, or tours/races with tandem classes. Thanks. -- the Editors





## CLASSIFIEDS

**FOR SALE:** Must sell 21"x19" Kuwahara tandem, Blue paint, complete with Burley Kiddy conversion kit. Hydraulic brakes, upgraded to 21-speeds with Shimano XTR. 2 sets of wheels included, 36 & 48 spoke. \$1100 OBO. Also have a Kestrel single. Call for details. Matt @ 603-675-6690. NH 9/96

**FOR SALE:** 1983 Melton tandem, 21x19" marathon frame. Phil Wood hubs and BB's. 48-spoke Super Champion rims (27"). Sugino AT triple cranks, Shimano SIS barcons, Shimano XT derailleurs, Shimano 6-speed f/w, Dia Compe cantilevers. Two-tone custom paint by Skip Hujtsak. Much more! Great condition for a tandem new in '83. \$900+freight. David Elliott, (419)-878-8166 or c\_david\_elliott@msn.com (OH) 9/96

**FOR SALE:** Collector's special: Santana Sovereign, classic fillet-brazed Columbus premium tandem frameset (comparable bike today is \$4300). Flawless condition, 59x56, Candy Apple Red paint. Asking \$2500. (602)-759-5851 (AZ) 9/96

**FOR SALE:** 1993 Custom Borthwick Softride Tandem. Phil Wood BB & 48-spoke hubs. Stopping power enhanced by Mathauser hydraulic brakes. This bike was designed and built for the Softride beam. Rear rack, water

bottles, and computer included. The captain stands 6'2" and the stoker 5'7". Asking \$2975. Tom Thalmann. (414)-757-6561 or sealord3@athenet.net (WI) 11/96

**FOR SALE:** 1989 Santana Arriva, 59x53cm. Special order Imron color (white). 48-spoke Wheelsmith wheels. Excellent condition. Hal or Kathy. (310)-645-0168 (CA) 11/96

**FOR SALE:** 1994 Burley Duet Tandem, 22x20, black. FULLY LOADED. Includes 4 bottle cages, frame pump, rear rack, 2 computers (wired to one pickup), Suntour components, Sugino cranks, Arail drum brake, adjustable stoker stem, Terry stoker saddle, new tires and tampe. Professionally maintained. \$1000. Call Jeff or Dawn. (609)-456-5339 (NJ) 11/96

**FOR SALE:** TRIPLET! 1983 Colin Laing triplet. Beautiful hand craftsmanship - excellent condition. TA triple crankset. Child cranks adjustable in middle position -- not a conversion kit. Lots of info to share. \$2300. Also Sugino kiddie crank conversion kit for a tandem: sealed bottom bracket, 125mm cranks, 36t sprockets (pedals not included). \$75. Call Jay Rochlin, Tucson, AZ. (520)-621-3791 (o) or (520)-299-6515. Or e-mail: rochlin@arizona.edu (AZ) 11/96

**FOR SALE:** Cannondale, 21x19, teal. Brand new 1996 pars: Sachs Ergo 5000 shift/brake levers. Sachs 12-28 freewheel, Shimano Deore DX front derailleur, chainrings (52/42/28). Avocet 30 Cyclocomputer, Regal captain's saddle/Avocet gel stoker's saddle. Adjustable stoker stem, Arai drum brake controlled by 3rd brake lever. A beautiful tandem. Asking \$2000. Call Richard Simonson. (860)-443-1864 (days) or (860)-442-4115. (CT) 11/96

**FOR SALE:** 1992 Santana Cilantro. 20x18. Black w/neon yellow bars, bottle cages, and rear rack. Onza bar-ends on stoker bars. Profile Durango bars on captain's bars. Two sets of wheels w/Edco hubs, one with road tires, one with off-road tires. Shimano Deore XT rear derailleur, DX front derailleur. Avocet computer and more! \$2500 (includes both sets of wheels) or \$2200 with road wheels. Sally Peters & Bob Kowaleski, Easthampton, MA. (413)-527-4877 or e-mail to Sallybikes@aol.com. (MA) 11/96

**FOR SALE:** Complete Santana Child Stoker conversion kit w/125mm crank arms, \$275.00. QBP Crank Shorteners, \$70.00. Burley Trailer, \$200.00. Jesse or Pam Finney @910-292-9974 or jlfinn@aol.com (NC) 09/96

## TCA Tandem Hospitality Homes

Are you willing to become a TCA Hospitality Home? If so please fill out the form to the right. If you would like to discuss what's involved, give Tom a call and talk about it.

A Hospitality Home provides touring cyclists a place to stay for a night. It need not be fancy, a spare bedroom or even a tent site will do. The cyclist will need shower facilities and an opportunity to launder their clothes and a meal. The touring cyclist will call you well in advance and make arrangements; no surprises.

mail to: Tom Thalmann  
N1466 Fairwinds Dr  
Greenville, WI 54942  
telephone (414) 757-6561

e-mail sealord3@athenet.net

TCA Member No. \_\_\_\_\_ (from your label)

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

First Names \_\_\_\_\_

Last Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Evening telephone \_\_\_\_\_

Daytime Telephone (optional) \_\_\_\_\_

Bedroom or tent site \_\_\_\_\_





**FOR SALE** Sugino GT Tandem Crankset w/Chainrings, \$100.00. 2pr Miche Italian Road Pedals, all 4 pedals, \$20.00. 2pr Wellgo MTB Pedals, new takeoffs, all 4 pedals, \$15.00. Profile Aero II clip- on bars w/extra pads, \$30.00. Suntour Microlite Bottom Bracket 68x118, new, \$25.00. Ritchey Logic Headset, o/s bearings, 1", \$10.00. 2pr Shimano STX cantilevers, new take-offs, \$20.00. Mafac double cable brake levers, \$10.pr. Shimano 7-sp Cassette, 11-28, new, \$20.00. Suntor XCExpert frt der. for Microdrive, new, \$15.00. Shimano 600 6speed freewheel, 13-30, new, \$20. Bob @ (716)-352-1906 after 6pm EDT (NY) 09/96

**FOR SALE:** Complete Santana Child Conversion Kit: Bolt-on shell & Bottom Bracket, 125mm crankarms w/42t Chainring, 42t Chainring, Chain, Bolts & Spacers, Child Stoker Stem (10" to fit 26.0mm seatpost, Child size handlebars, 36cm, & a copy of my DoubleTalk Magazine article on "Installing a Child Conversion (or How to Kick Mom Off the Tandem). \$250.00. Please call (713)-992-2023 after 6pm CDT. (TX) 09/96

**FOR SALE:** Burley child stoker kit in excellent conditon. \$100.00 plus

shipping. Bob or Betsey Bullard, (601)-868-6353 or e-mail to rbullard@datasync.com (MS) 09/96

**FOR SALE:** Thule Tandem Carrier. \$200/OBO. Call (201)-848-1813. Ask for Dick or Jane. (NJ) 09/96

**FOR SALE:** Shimano Deore tandem crankset, 175x175, with timing gears. less than 100 miles of use. Like new, \$135.00. TA tandem crankset, 170x150, with or w/o gears. \$75.00. 27" rear wheel on Suzue SealedTech hub, 48-spokes x 140mm spacing. Like new, \$70.00. Matt Kurzrock, (310)-541-1456 (h). e-mail to MattKurz@aol.com (CA) 11/96

**FOR SALE:** Wanted, Adams Trail-a-Bike, tandem model. We have a 7-year-old and a 14-month old we're trying to take with us and our tandem. If you have any other ideas, we'd love to hear from you. Arnie Adler, (718)-601-4327 or e-mail to ArneeA@aol.com. (NY) 11/96

**HELP OFFERED:** Touring England in 1996? Let us make a good trip into a great holiday! We offer help and advice on routes, accommodations, bikes by rail, and a great welcome! We're the touring directors for the Tandem Club (of the UK). Chris & Jenny Davison,

Penny-Farthing, 124 Kings Road West, Swanage, Dorset, BH19 1HS England

**HELP OFFERED:** Touring Italy? Need news or tips about cycling in Italy? Contact Paolo Sanvito, V. Europa 4, 20057 Vedano Al Lambro, Italy

**HELP OFFERED:** Touring in Southern France? We can offer suggestions, especially on the French Riviera & Provence. Contact Smith DOSS & Claud MONNIER, 1809 Avenue Rhin et Danube, Villa La Musarde, 06140 VENCE FRANCE. Tel: (33)93.58.61.66 before 10pm local time (EST+6hrs). E-mail to DEHTPVXK@IBMAIL.COM

**WANTED:** Objective roadtests, with photos, of tandems by built by quality frame-builders. Send articles, photos (prints only), etc. to Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors of *DoubleTalk*.

**WANTED:** Volunteer artist(s) to prepare sketches, cartoons, and illustrations to Jack & Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Drive Birmingham, AL 35242-4430.

Classified advertising rates available upon request. Send a SASE to the Editors. Non-commercial Classifieds are free to TCA Members.

## TCA DEALER MEMBERS

### Tandem Dealers

**TANDEMS, LIMITED.** Annual Open House Saturday, October 26. 8:30am-5:30pm Test Rides and More! Special prices/in stock tandems. Call for directions to 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430. (205)-991-5519 e-mail: tandems@mindspring.com 09/96 (431)

**CYCLE CELLAR** Stocking Santana & Ibis tandems & many parts. Expert repairs and wheel building. 220 Felch Street, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313)-769-1115 09/96

**TANDEMS EAST** Burley, Bushnell, Cannondale, Montague, Co-Motion, Sterling. Wheel building service, child conversions, parts, advise. Test rides by appointment. 86 Gwynwood Drive,

Pittsgrove, NJ 08318. V (609)-451-5104 F (609)-453-8626 E-mail tandemwiz@aol.com 11/96

**ORIGAMI TRAVELBIKES.** Folding and travel bicycles, trailers, and cases. Green Gear Tandem Two'sday, Montague TriFrame tandems in stock for test rides. POB 1867, West Sacramento, CA 95691 (916)-373-0039 11/96

**BORTHWICK FRAMESETS.** Custom tandem frames built specifically to the individual rider's needs. A custom built measuring fixture is used to insure proper sizing. 214 Rainbow Drive, Marshalltown, IA 50158. (515)-752-3208 11/96

**GEAR-TO-GO.** Central and western New York and Northern PA's source for Santana. Tandems in stock,

available for test rides. Open by appointment. 850 W. Clinton St., Elmira, NY 14905. (607)-732-4859. E-mail to Shapiro\_r@CJnet@corning.com 1/97

**BENT'S SCHWINN CYCLERY & FITNESS** Sacrifice Trek T200 (Deore XT, Look) \$1399, Trek T100 (Deore LX/XT) \$1099. Also Santana, Cannondale. Steve & Vicki Bent. Active tandemists since 1977. Lakeland, FL (941)-688-1662. 1/97 (585)

**ERICKSON CYCLES** - The world's best tandems! Custom-fit, handbuilt, and beautiful! Production models available. 6119 Brooklyn Avenue NE, Seattle, WA 98115 (206)-527-5259 voice; (206)-527-0701 fax; GlennEBike@aol.com. 1/97





**TOTALLY TANDEM!** Your one-call source for the best tandem parts, precision-built wheels, hard-to-find parts, expert advice. FREE CATALOG! 1-800-255-0576 or ttandems@netins.net. **TOTALLY TANDEM, INC.**, P.O. Box 702, Ames, IA 50010-0702. 05/97 (11324)

**TANDEM DEPOT** Choose tandems from five of the finest USA manufacturers. Triplets, too. Rentals available. Call Sue Pavlat, 24 hour mixed tandem record holder for an appointment. (810)-545-5778. Royal Oak, MI 5/97 (52685)

**TANDEM MATCHMAKERS** Touring, Racing, Family, Mountain, Track - New, Used - over 100 Tandems, Triplets, Quad, Recumbents. Rentals. Same-day Service. Long Tests, Wheels, Brazing. Odd Parts shipped worldwide. Mt. Airy Bicycles. (888)-MYTANDEM or tandemist@aol.com (MD). 05/97 (10987)

### Other Dealer Members

**TANDEM MAGAZINE.** Contact Greg Shepherd @ Petzold Publishing, 26895 Petzold Road, Eugene, OR 97402 to find out about the newest entry in the tandem bicycling magazine field. (503)-342-3723. (09/96)

**T-SHIRT QUILTS** Preserve your memories! Custom-made keepsake quilts from your souvenir T-shirts. Call Margaret Thatcher, 1-800-337-8771 (11/96)

**SPECIAL SALE:** Riders wanting comfort. HALO BIKE SADDLE featured in BikeNashbar; Internet. Femal & new male models, \$55/pr. Letherette. Satisfaction guaranteed. PVS for Fitness, 676-A Front St., Hempstead, NY 11550. (516)-485-3784 (11/96)

**AMERICA BY BICYCLE** - Cycle fully-supported California to Maine, down the Mississippi, or choose one of 7 one week cross state tours. Free Brochure. Box 805-T, Atkinson, NH 03811-0805 (603)-362-4527 http://www.abbike.com 1/97 (11399)

**BYCUE** Cue Sheet holder. Easily clips on/off handlebar. \$8.95. Tie-Dyed Rainbow Swirl short sleeve tee. 3 rear pockets. 100% pre-shrunk cotton.

\$23. S-M-L-XL-XXL. Visa/MC. (800)-522-2640 ro BYCUE, Box 14152, Silver Spring, MD 20911-4152 1/97

**ERICKSON CYCLE TOURS** Spirited tours lead by Glenn Erickson, nationally acclaimed tandem frame-builder. France, Italy, Switzerland, 6119 Brooklyn Avenue NE, Seattle WA 98115. ph: (206)-524-7731 voice, (206)-527-0701 fax, e-mail: GlennEBike@aol.com 1/97

**BROOKS SADDLES** Wallingford Bicycle Parts is your source for these fine traditional leather saddles. Sprung and unsprung models in stock. Catalog. POB 31775, Seattle, WA 98103. (206)-548-9091 bikeparts@halcyon.com 5/97

**SMUGGLERS' NOTCH INN** Escape to a 200-year-old, 11-room, romantic, relaxing, Vermont Country Inn. Private baths, Lounge, fireplace, restaurant, outdoorhottub, pool. Great cycling, scenic rural area. (800)-845-3101 smuginn@pwshift.com 5/97

**ACORN INN** Bed and Breakfast: Discover Central Virginia's rural beauty with tandem-riding hosts. Ten bedroom renovated stable; cottage. Near Blue Ridge Parkway, historic Charlottesville. Ideal for groups. Delicious breakfasts. (804)-361-9357. 05/97 (4985)

**ALAMO BICYCLE TOURING COMPANY.** Weekend/weeklong bicycle tours of the California Coast, featuring Big Sur, Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, and Catalina areas. (800)-540-BIKE (2543) or ABTC, 1108 Vista Lago, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405 alamobike@aol.com 07/97 (11325)

**Become a TCA Dealer Member!** A \$45.00 membership gives you a one-year membership in the Tandem Club of America, six issues of DoubleTalk, and a 30-word classified ad in each issue of DoubleTalk while you are a member. Send a SASE to Jack and Susan Goertz, Editors, DoubleTalk, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430 for full information on the TCA Dealer Member Program.

## WHO DOES WHAT

**MEMBERS:** Write articles, draw cartoons, send letters, host rides and rallies.

**MEMBERSHIP:** Collects dues, processes memberships.

**AREA REPS:** Local tandem information & local recruiters for TCA.

**GRAPHICS DESIGNER:** Artwork & graphics for DoubleTalk.

**TREASURER:** Money management, tax and financial reports. Pays the bills

**MERCHANDISE:** Sells T-shirts and any other TCA-approved merchandise that may be offered from time to time.

**SECRETARY:** Contact point between TCA and the outside world.

**EDITOR:** Edits your articles for DoubleTalk, accepts all advertising, and wants your mid-year address corrections.

When you contact one of these volunteers, seeking information about the TCA and/or tandem activities in the area, please be specific. Many of these individuals are also active in other bicycling organizations, and a SASE with no questions asked may never be returned.





Luis - Santa Ynez, CA Sept 4, 1993 - Allie 12/04

### Dues

United States \$15.00/yr Canada 20.00/yr

Other International \$25.00/yr

All dues are quoted (and must be paid) in US Dollars  
2 and 3 year memberships are encouraged

### Membership

Please fill out the membership form below and mail  
with a check made payable (in US funds) to:

**Tandem Club of America**  
Bruce & Judi Bachelder  
306 W Union St  
Morganton, NC 28655-3729

## TCA MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / RENEWAL

Membership No. (Upper left corner of your mailing label): \_\_\_\_\_  
Please Print your name or Paste Your Label below. Make any necessary corrections.

Name(s): \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (Including Area Code): \_\_\_\_\_

Tandem Make: \_\_\_\_\_ Year: \_\_\_\_\_

Color: \_\_\_\_\_ Style: \_\_\_\_\_

DoubleTalk is now available on tape for those that are legally blind. Please check here  
if you prefer to receive your copy on tape instead of the printed copy.... \_\_\_\_\_

Amount enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_ for (1) (2) or (3) Years

(Multiple-year memberships, 3 year maximum, are accepted at Dues Rate X Number of Years)  
Is this a renewal? \_\_\_\_\_ Have you made any necessary corrections? \_\_\_\_\_



**T**he Tandem Club of America (TCA) was founded in 1976 by a group of tandem enthusiasts who wished to share their enthusiasm with the uninitiated and to exchange bits of information with other tandem owners throughout the country. Back in the '70's, there weren't all that many tandems out there! These original members created a newsletter, called Doubletalk, to be the voice of the TCA. Since those humble beginnings, Doubletalk has become one of the most visible signs of the Tandem Club of America.

**D**oubletalk is now published six times a year in a magazine format. It contains articles and tips about tandems and tandem touring, all written by TCA members. You can find out what is happening in the world of tandems (and throughout the world) through TCA's Tandem Events Calendar, published each issue in Doubletalk. A Classified Ad section is included, also, to help you sell that extra set of wheels or that tandem that doesn't fit this year's color scheme!

**T**hrough the years, TCA has been instrumental in promoting rallies for owners of long bikes. From the original rally held in 1972, there are now numerous regional rallies and many state and local events to choose from. All, while independent of the TCA, are heavily promoted and supported by TCA members. You can find out the when and where through Doubletalk!

If you want to join with other tandem enthusiasts throughout the world, just fill out the attached membership application form, and you will soon be receiving your own copy of Doubletalk in your mailbox!



A RALLY- A MASS MEETING INTENDED TO AROUSE GROUP ENTHUSIASM.